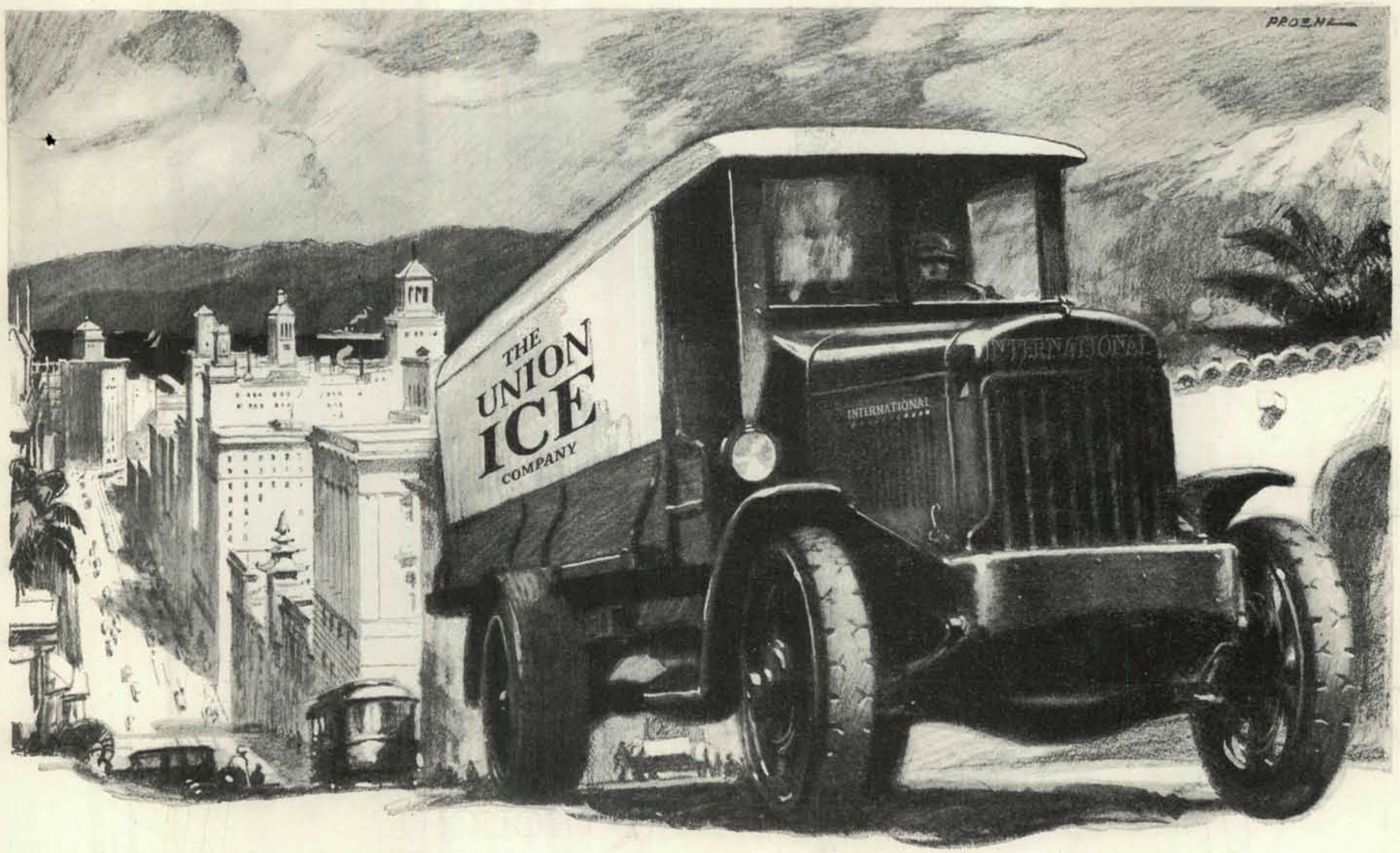


Ice Delivery in Sunny California

UP THE steep hills of San Francisco with heavy loads of ice! Hammering over the rough cobbled streets that try the fibre of men and trucks!

Seventy-six International Trucks serve the Union Ice Company whose plants and trucks are scattered all over California and Nevada. After seven years of the most strenuous service from its heavy-duty Internationals the Union Ice Company is adding more and more Internationals to its fleet. That tells volumes.

Here is added evidence of rugged power, and plenty of it. And here is proof of the *climbing ability* of International Trucks. Thousands of other owners use that ability on hills. Others use it to haul rock and earth out of excavations. Others to pull loads through hub-deep mud of oil fields or to bring timber out of the forest.

Many are the stories told, by owners and drivers, of the climbing ability of their Internationals. Yet power alone does not account for the success of International Trucks. Power is backed by all the other qualities that the Harvester organization has learned to put into trucks through more than 22 years of truck building.

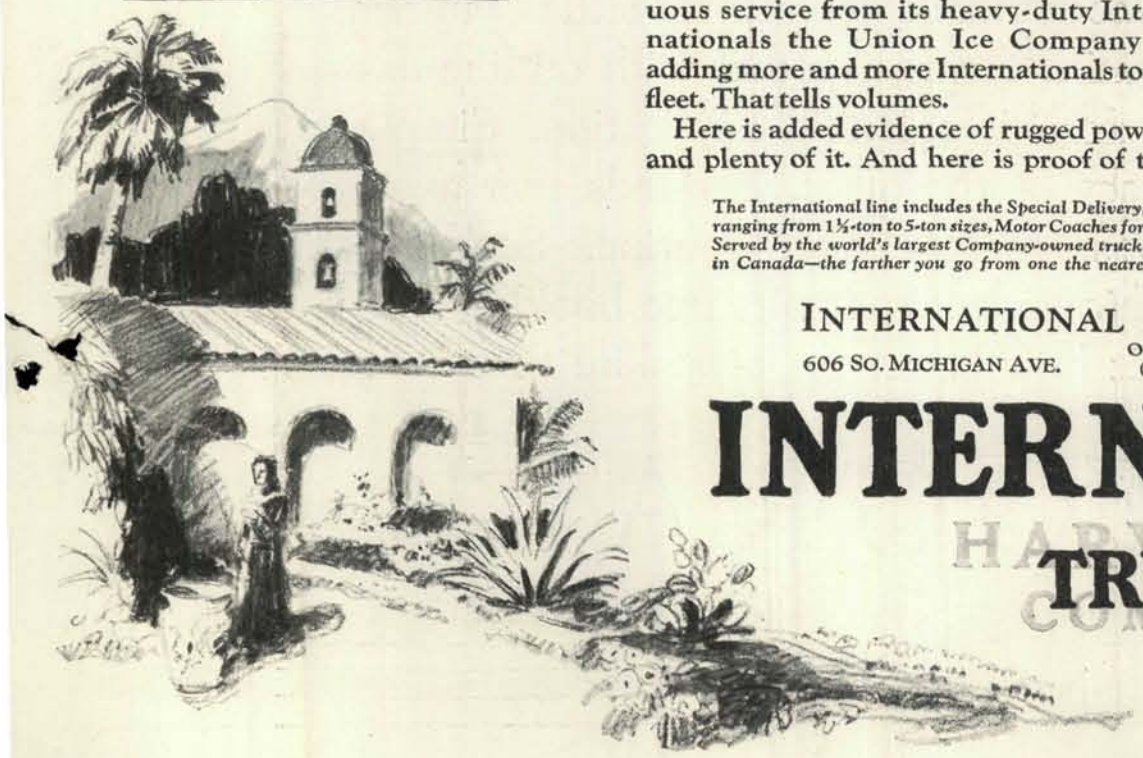
76 Internationals in the Union Ice Company Fleet

Following is a letter from the Union Ice Company:

"Our company has in operation seventy-six International Trucks. Two at our Reno plant are now finishing their seventh year of service. We have a fleet of Internationals operating in our San Francisco delivery, where, due to hills and cobble pavement, the requirements on motor vehicles in heavy duty service are most exacting.

"We are well satisfied with the performance of these trucks and are pleased to acknowledge the satisfactory service which the Harvester Company is rendering from its various branches."

(Signed)
UNION ICE COMPANY
M. H. Robbins, President and Gen. Mgr.



The International line includes the Special Delivery, Speed Trucks of 1¼-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches for all requirements, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Served by the world's largest Company-owned truck service organization—121 branches in the United States and 17 in Canada—the farther you go from one the nearer you get to another. Write for complete descriptive literature.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY TRUCKS

Nov. 27, 1926

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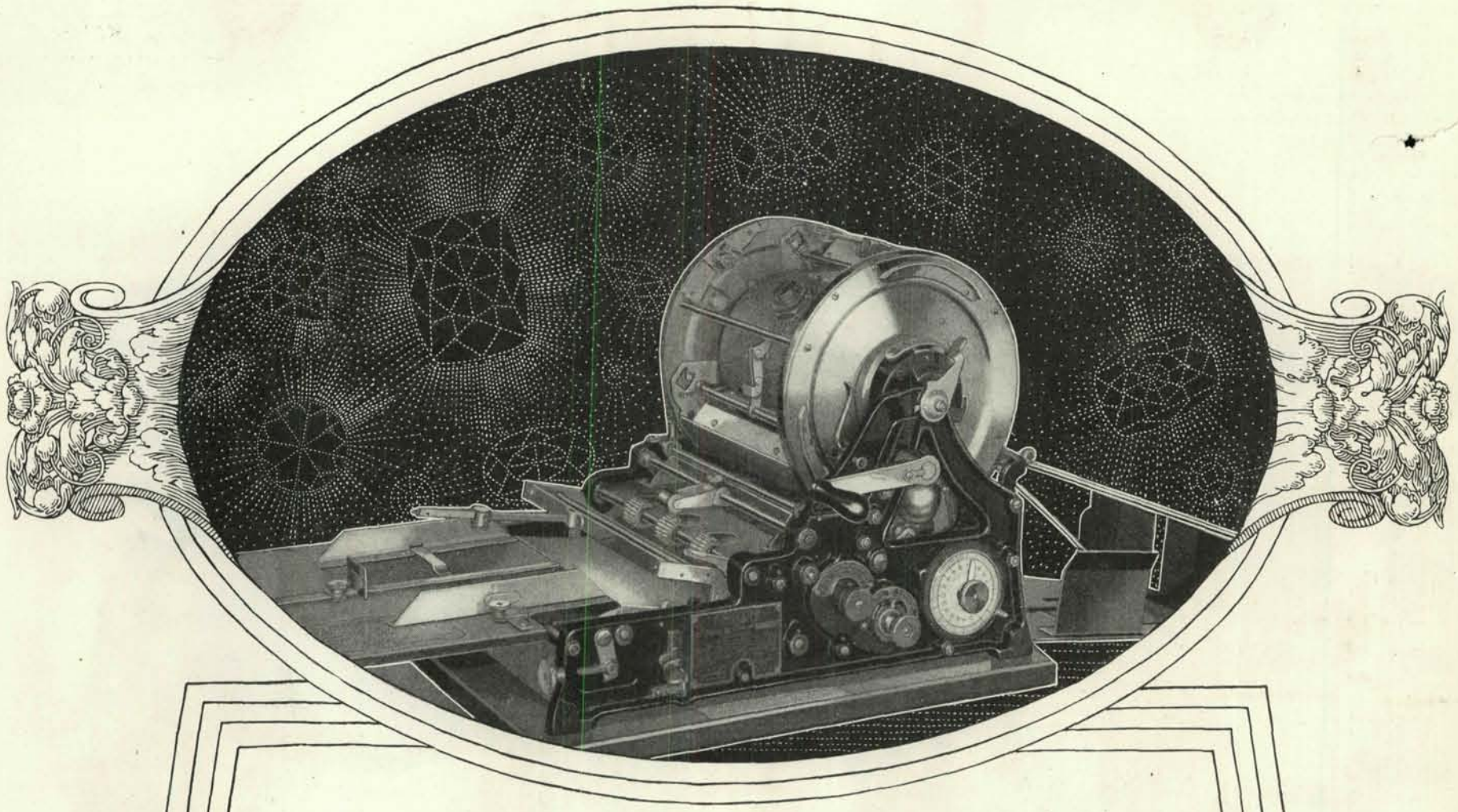

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Champions have given or taken knockouts from Don Quixote to One-Punch McTague

"Watch the game for a while and see if you'd have the courage enough to play it!" he yapped

Classics in Slang

H. C. WITWER

and One-Punch McTague encounter Don Quixote

STOP me if you heard this! Talkin' of enchiladas, I can't see for the life of me how anybody can exclaim that prize fightin' borders on the brutal after they've saw a chukker of this proper pogrom entitled football. In *my* opinion, boxin' is a high effeminate recreation alongside of the noted gridiron pastime, what I mean! Whilst I'm by no means the alma mater of a college, or a red-headed ice man from Wheaton, Illinois, I seen my first Regatta the other day and I'm now jerry to why the patrons of football gets a kick out of it. If that's a pun, make the most of it!

By a strange coincidence, since we last got together, friends of radioland, I win a fight and become the proprietor of a horseless carriage. The unfortunate victim of my uncanny skill with the five-ounce gloves was no less than Hit-And-Run Albuquerque, heavyweight champion of the world—at lotto.

Let me haul off and introduce our dashin' hero—viz, none other than myself. Many will quickly recognize me as One-Punch McTague, Prohibition candidate for the world's heavyweight championship and owner of Ye Olde Booke Shoppe in the purlieus of Amsterdam's Avenue, New York. This volume emporium was a gift to me from my Uncle Angus McTague, a Big Kiltie Man from Scotland, just before he become a treat for the embalmer, on the conditions that I don't sell it or give it away till death do us part. It's as plain as the face on my nose that givin' *me* this book store was like givin' a elderly oyster a motorcycle, but whilst I ain't gettin' rich I'm gettin' refined by readin' the cream of my novels, tra la!

I'll state Uncle Angus showed they was brains in his head and not no sweetbreads by equippin' Ye Booke Shoppe with a beautiful young clerkess rejoicin' in the name of Ethel Kingsley. Ethel is far and away the tastiest part of my estate, and if it wasn't for she, here's one bookworm which wouldst of turned long ago and got rid of his involuntary library. But as every now and again we find some aged volume published when Cæsar was a buck private and foist it on some half-wit for hysterical money, Ethel insists on me keepin' the joint. Meanwhile this pretty damsel invented the quaint innovation of me readin' the classicals and then writin' my summin' up of 'em for her. In this way I'm gettin' the education I was gypped out of when a kiddie. I was doin' a piece of road work for my battle of the epoch with Hit-And-Run Albuquerque, when I happen to gallop past a used-car resort. Parked in solemn array was a herd of dissipated-lookin' boats, and over them a sign:

ANY ONE OF THESE BABIES $45!
THE TIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH!
LIKE NEW!
(*Like Hades!*)

In spite of myself, I felt interested, good people. Why shouldst I wear out my shapely dogs scamperin' over the roads to get right for Hit-And-Run Albuquerque, when for the laughable sum of forty-five bucks a facsimile automobile wouldst be at the disposal of my whims? As a fool and his money is soon strangers, I bowed with Old World courtesy to the costermonger and spoke thusly:

"Is them cars guaranteed, Burglar?"

"I don't mean maybe!" he says.

"Here's your forty-five fish!" I says, succumbin' to his brilliant sales talk and clamberin' aboard the best lookin' of the wrecks. "Am I all set with gas, oil and water?"

"Maybe!" grins this egg, and then leaped nimbly to one side in the panic as I stepped on the petrol and only missed runnin' over him because I'm naturally unlucky.

Well, whilst automobiles is not exactly a mystery to me, I'll tell whoever's listenin' I'm no Peter De Paolo at the rudder of one, what I mean. To further complicate matters, it begin to rain kittens and canines before I'd added a furlong to the speedometer, which already registered 210,000 miles, the car bein'

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Illustrated by TONY SARG

Right off the reel the Don grabs hold of a good-lookin' waitress

practically new. I decided not to put on the skid chains as I didn't wish to skid and likewise they was no skid chains in this mock limousine.

Settin' a course for Ye Booke Shoppe, I slid gayly along the slippery boulevards, thinkin' how surprised Ethel wouldst be when she seen her light o' love rollin' up in a motor car. Alas, ah me and alackaday, I'll have you know she was plenty surprised and don't think she wasn't!

STANDIN' in front of the huge plate-glass window of my trap is two guys huddlin' together under the awnin' for shelter from the angry elements. They was somethin' familiar about 'em, lads and lassies, and as I slithered wildly nearer I seen they was Jack Hootmon and Lucifer (Red) Higgins. Not so good! Jack Hootman's old man is Elihu Hootmon, the Trillionaire Thumb-Tack King; and when Pop dies, the milk-fed Jacques will fall air to about everything but the Grand Canyon. This lounge lizard's keen for the appetizin' Ethel Kingsley and is an addict of Columbia's College to boot, makin' him my "menace," as they say in the movies. Red Higgins is my so-called manager and as fine a boy as ever robbed a poor box. You can imagine my feelin's, if you want to, when I pegged them two guilty bystanders together. Matters didn't look kosher to me! What was they cookin' up on me? I pondered.

I'm sorry to say that I picked a bad time to ponder, as just then the traffic signal turned to "Stop!" The dizzy jaywalkers dashes gleefully from the curb and I jammed on the brakes hard, not wishin' to bump none of 'em off as so far they had did nothin' to me.

Well, locked wheels on a wet pavement has played hob with many a man's good intentions before! Life bein' what it is, no exceptions was made in my case eyether. After turnin' completely around a couple or three times, my horseless carriage run amuck and shot madly across the street at Jack Hootmon and Red Higgins. Their eyes come around with a click when they heard the horreyfied howls of the multitude, but both them bozos was fearfully unagile when it come to findin' cover. Like the Royal Mounted, I always get my men! My gasoline-crazed bus hit the whole two of 'em right in the midst of their goin'-away plans, and we all crashed through my window whilst the populace cheered. I'm usually a crowd pleaser, gentle reader, in or out of the ring! Unfortunately, nyther Hootmon or Red Higgins was hurt, whilst I escaped with the loss of my good nature.

"What do you clowns mean by bustin' my window?" I shrieked above the din, in pardonable rage.

"I hope Hit-And-Run Albuquerque kills you, which he prob'ly will!" hollered Red, pickin' cut glass and books out of his hair. "You belong in a maniac asylum, you big ape!"

"I'll sue you for this, McTague!" pants Hootmon, removin' my spare tire from around his ungainly neck and glarin' at me.

"That's nyther here and there!" I says indignantly, payin' no heed to their outcries. "Who's goin' to pay for my window? That's what I'd like to know!"

"Why—what have you done?" gasps Ethel Kingsley, which at that minute rushes forward, the excitement makin' her prettier than ever, if such a thing's possible.

"Them two prize saps made a face at my car, or somethin', and it chased 'em through that window!" I says, up to my neck in wreckage and lookin' around at the mob for approval. "Let's have 'em pinched!"

Just then a John Law grabs my arm and executes a grimace.

"How long have you been drivin', Big Boy?" he snarls.

"A good half hour," I tells him, with a winnin' smile.

"Aha! I know you—One-Punch McTague, the Divin' Venus, hey?" he returns. "Well, brother, you better get off the gin and on the gym or Hit-And-Run Albuquerque will punch your pan off!"

I'm satisfied I wouldst of been throwed in the dungeon without no more ado only for Ethel. She give the copper some expert eye work, and puttin' everything she hadst on a smile, she says she seen the whole catastrophe and it was no more my fault than the Civil War. Likewise, after all, it was *my* car and *my* window and *my* friends which got ruined.

WELL, here was a case where fine words buttered some parsnips. Jack Hootmon took his cue from Ethel and piped down, whilst Red Higgins, realizin' I can't fight if I'm in jail and if I can't fight he can't eat, contents himself with mumblin' and grumblin'. So that was all washed up!

When the maddin' crowd and the gendarme hadst hauled hips, I lifted my forty-five-dollar juggernaut out of the window and shut off the motor, which was still runnin'. Think what I couldst of got for *fifty* dollars! Then a artisan Ethel had phoned for commenced puttin' new glass in the window, and Hootmon says to Ethel:

"Well, if you'll close the store now, Miss Kingsley, we'll still be in time for the game."

"What game?" I demands before Ethel can answer.

"I didn't know *you* were Miss Kingsley!" says Hootmon, makin' a mouth at me.

"I knew it wouldst surprise you," I says gayly, "but that's not answerin' my quiz."

"Mr. Hootmon has asked me to the Hoorah College-Siss Boom University football game," explains Ethel. "Would you like to come along?"

"He can't!" butts in Red Higgins, whilst Hootmon looks grateful enough to embrace him. "He's got to finish his trainin' for Hit-And-Run Albuquerque."

"So's your ancient progenitor!" I says politely. "If I train any more, I'll leave my fight in the gym. I'm too fine as it is, what I mean. All I need is a facial massage and I'll be the snarlin' blood-hungry killer of old!"

"The only thing I ever seen you kill was time!" says Red, a rabid fan of mine. "And as for the facial massage, I hope to tell you Hit-And-Run Albuquerque will present you with *that*—and how!"

In the general merriment which followed this clever sally, Hootmon's big traffic cops' delight purred up to the door and me and Ethel immediately climbed in the back together. This juxtaposition killed Hootmon, which was forced to sit in the front with his Negroid chauffeur and bite his nails. Throwin' up his hands and mouthin' anthems, Red Higgins copped a sneak.

The next little incident was this football gymkhana between the Hoorah College and Siss Boom University sextettes. They must of been eyether forty-two or ninety thousand red-blooded Nordics on hand when we flopped in Hootmon's personal box to view the fray.

IT WAS exactly the same kind of a crowd which one, or even two, sees at prize fights—only different.

"How come you ain't doin' your bit for Columbia's College, which I see from the score board is playin' Vassar to-day?" I asks Hootmon.

"I am not an athlete," he pleads.

"I've saw you jump at conclusions, strike attitudes, hurl invectives and smash precedents!" I chided him, with native wit. "How the so ever, you don't have to be no athalete for this child's play out there. Football's the mollycoddles' pastime, what I mean!"

Ethel give a odd little laugh and Hootmon gazed at me, the photograph of outraged scorn.

"Watch the game for a while and see if *you'd* have the courage enough to play it!" he yapped.

Just then a whistle whistled and the hogskin went sailin' through the air. A guy caught it and instantly found out what a chump he was for doin' it, when for no reason whatsoever both teams piled on top of him with great enthusiasm. No foolin', it was a yell! The whistle made good again, and they all climbed off, but the sap which hadst thought they was playin' bean bag and caught the oval didn't get up. He hadst more punishment than he couldst tolerate, so they took him off on a shutter to get his profile retreaded and put in another suicide.

"Which one is Red Grange?" I asked.

"Grange isn't here—this isn't a professional game," explains Ethel.

Torrid Rover! Can you imagine them guys battlin' like that for *nothin'?*

"Eighty-six, seventy-two, forty-three, eighteen, twenty-nine!" hollers one gridiron hero loudly.

Although they was all college boys, none of 'em couldst add that sum up without pencil and paper, so they begin maulin' each other like nobody's business. They rolled and tumbled all over the ground, bitin', clawin', kickin', or what have you, and the fun waxed fast and furious. The neighbors' children stood up and cheered their heads off when the guy with the ball decided matters was gettin' too rough and tough for him and scurried away.

Immediately the combatants laid off each other and started angrily after him, and one big truck horse grabbed the fugitive by the legs and throwed him. Then both teams danced the Black Bottom on their helpless prey. That wouldst of been a foul of the first water in boxin', but it seems all's fair in love, war and football.

WELL, they's little or no use describin' the rest of this horrible massacre, because no doubt some of you has saw football "games," and in that case you canst enlighten them which ain't. Suffice it to say that the murder went on as above for a baker's hour, at which time the score was zero to cipher and twenty-one lads hadst been knocked as stiff as a bootlegger's fine which has cut the stuff he sold the judge. They was no rounds to this pungent free-for-all, which I must confess is far too raucous a racket for me, what I mean! I don't mind boxin' *one* boy, but swappin' wallops with a raft of 'em at once is a horse from another ridin' academy.

And I thought them college guys was cake-eaters!

I couldn't let Ethel and Hootmon see how this football hippodrome had like to made me swoon, so I pooh-poohed the whole affair and says when I climb in the ring with Hit-And-Run Albuquerque that eve they will see carnage which will make the football thing look like a euchre tourney! They both sniffed, but then Ethel hadst a cold. . . .

Promptly at the witchin' hour of ten o'clock that night, I was sittin' in my corner at the Gory A. C. awaitin' the pleasures of my burly opponent. The bout was a gigantic and the place was packed to the mortgage.

"You couldn't jab your ways out of a paper bag, you big ham!" bellers a voice which, strangely enough, grated on my nerves. I snatched up the drippin' wet sponge and hurled it over the ropes at this Humpty Dumpty. I am like that! My aim was unerrin' and the soggy missile caught him square in the features, knockin' him off his seat. This put everybody in a good humor, if you don't count the guy I socked. That monkey went to work and throwed the sponge back at me just as Hit-And-Run Albuquerque, a Big Dumb-bell from the Gym, was climbin' through the ropes, and Mr. Sponge bounced off his bullet head to splotch the referee's white silk shirt. What's wrong with this picture?

Well, to make a long story excusable, the second the bell rung I shot across the ring like a frightened streak of lightnin' and let go a terrible left hook for my opponent's jaw. The cowardly poltroon side-stepped the blow, and to my huge embarrassment my glove landed with a dull thud on the ring post. It's a small world after all, hey? The crowd howled when Hit-And-Run Albuquerque wheeled around and slammed over two rights to my defenseless hips, which was turned to him. In a trice I drove this prancin' palooka's head back with a left swing, wishin' they was a brick wall behind it, and we clinched on the

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ropes above my corner. My adversus maliciously and deliberately uppercut me four times in a row and Red Higgins howls up at me:

"Go on, you scissor-bill, bring up that right—he can't fight!"

"But, oh, how he *does!*" I observed, critically and slightly punch-drunk.

When the referee separated us I fin'ly got smart and landed my notorious right to my colleague's whiskers. At this point Mons Hit-And-Run Albuquerque forgot to remember the most important rule of boxin'—namely, don't let your tête-à-tête knock you for a loop! Whilst the sound of my punch was still on the air, he toppled to the canvas a total loss and the referee only counted to keep from gettin' rusty on the rules. I picked my victim up and started to carry him to his corner, but as he proved too heavy I let him flop back with a crash to the mat, where, unless they've swept him up, he is to this day!

With that thomasfoolery off our minds, let's inspect "Don Quixote," the last bedtime story I scanned and then summed up for the fair Ethel. Get a order of this poultice, people—it's a wow!

DON QUIXOTE

By Miguel Cervantes
& One-Punch McTague

HARK ye! In a Spanish slab entitled La Mancha, there once lived a fifty-yea'-old gent named Quixada, or Quesad , or Quesida, or Quesodo. He was as goofy as Mr. Maniac himself and spent all his time readin' books about the Knights of Columbus, the Knights of Pythias, the Arabian Knights, the Knight Before Christmas and the Midsummer Knight's Dream. In short, boys and girls, this aged gil was knight-crazy! He fin'ly decided to turn knight himself, mount his trusty steed and gallop all over the world rescuin' maidens in distress, killin' dragons and all the rest of that hokum, with the idea that a juicy movie contract wouldst crown his efforts. In the contrary, good folk, he got crowned with about everything else!

At all events, he put on a suit of armor and hopped on a scrawny-lookin' equine which he called Rozinante, and that's where the popular expression "Knight Mare" come from. As a afterthought, our dizzy friend christened himself "Don Quixote." Cravin' a lady to defend on his travels hithers and yon, he selected a kitchen mechanic which existed next door to him and which he hadst ofttimes figured on cuddlin' up to. For no good reason, he named her Dulcinea del Tabasco, and the fact that she wouldn't of polished her shoes with his best tie made no difference to our jovial if somewhat cuckoo Don. He was nobody's fool—he was everybody's!

For a yes-man, Don Quixote picked Sancho Panza—to wit, a hired man on a near-by farm, with a heart of oak and a head of the same material. The Don told Sancho that if he played his cards right he wouldst give him the first island he conquered as a reward for his services and Sancho was insipid enough to believe him.

Well, the two half-wits shoved off to dumfound the world, and the first thing they see is thirty windmills.

"Aha! Giants, hey?" shouts the Don, swellin' up like a mump. "Hold everything and watch me exterminate them babies!"

"Be your weight!" scoffs Sancho. "People will think you're batty—a thing *I'm* positive of!"

But with his battle cry, "Alley oop!" the Don was already rammin' his spear in a windmill, which flung him and his near-horse about thirty-eight feet to one side. O sole mia!

Nothing daunted, the Don rides on till he sees a inn, which, still thinkin' he's in a book, he swears is a castle. Right off the reel the Don grabs hold of a good-lookin' waitress, calls her "Princess!" and tries to kiss her. He was crazy like a fox! But the blonde wasn't puttin' out, and she yelled murder till some husky stevedores come to her aid, and what they done to the Don and Sancho was pitiful.

Next they seen a cloud of dust, and the Don cries that a big battle is prob'ly goin' on and bein' knights they must declare themselves in. When they got a close-up they seen the dust was caused by a swarm of sheep, but they was no stoppin' Don Quixote, which laid about him with his spear, killin' sheep right and left till the highly indignant herder knocked him cold with a rock.

"When are you goin' to slip me that island?" asked Sancho Panza, which was beginnin' to get skeptical.

"As soon as I'm all done clownin'," grins Don Quixote. "Rome wasn't built in a day!"

"It don't have to be Rome," mutters Sancho, "any island will do!"

THE very next identical day they come upon a Duke and Dukess which doted on practical jokes and hadst got wind of the weird adventures of this pair, so they invited 'em to their castle. They pretended to treat Don Quixote like he was more of a hero than the word itself, all the while guffawin' heartily behind his back. But Sancho Panza kept squawkin' about the island his employer promised him, till fin'ly the jolly Duke sent him to take charge of one of his towns, as a joke.

As happy as a king, which by the way he now thought he was, Sancho staked himself to a one-man banquet in the royal palace the minute he hit the burg, but a medico standin' by him wouldn't let him eat a single bite, on the ground that it was poisoned. That was just the old push around, of course, but this Patsy wasn't hep.

Then the Duke sent him a note tellin' him to watch his step, because a powerful enemy was about to bear down on the village. The merry villagers suddenly rushed in and tied Sancho up in so many shields that he couldn't navigate and fell flat on the ground. Immediately his loyal subjects, tipped off by the Duke, begin clashin' their swords together and tramplin' all over Sancho, makin' him think the war was goin' on. This was more than Sancho couldst take, so he done a Houdini out of them shields, mounted a handy mule and checked out of this irritatin' hamlet.

Meanwhile the Duke and Dukess and all their friends was leadin' Don Quixote the life of Riley. They played all kinds of idiotic jokes on the poor old sap till he was fed up with life in a castle, and when Sancho come along they escaped together, homeward bound.

On the way the old gamester Don Quixote broke out with this knight rash again and begin choosin' everybody he met along the roads. Every washwoman he seen was a great lady, every ditch digger was a lord and every gin mill was a palace—hoity-toity! Each night he slept in his armor, when he wasn't struttin' back and forth as dignified as a house cat and gettin' on people's nerves with his high-hattin' and wild ravin's about knights, maidens and whatnot. The kiddies run after him callin' him names which I'll leave to your imagination, as Mike Cervantes left 'em to mine, and two thirds of the guys he picked on knocked him and Sancho Panza kickin'. They were fearful matchmakers for themselves!

Fin'ly they reached home, which was indeed a boon to Sancho Panza, now perfectly willin' to go through life without a island after the cruel and unusual punishment he hadst took. He was sick and tired of knighthood, but not half as sick and tired as he was of his lunatical boy friend, Don Quixote!

ONCE back in his old domicile, Don Quixote got ill with the fever and sendin' for Sancho he says to him thus:

"Kid, I'm about to bump off, and I wish nothin' better than that you wouldst forgive me for all the jams I got you in whilst I was a knight."

"Don't be ridic!" says the faithful Sancho. "It was all fun, and I got lots of laughs out of it. The time you battled them windmills you was a panic, Don, no kiddin'!"

"I done what I couldst to amuse," sighed the Don. "But, mark you and mark you well, I'm now convinced that this knight thing is apple sauce. Goo'-by, kid!"

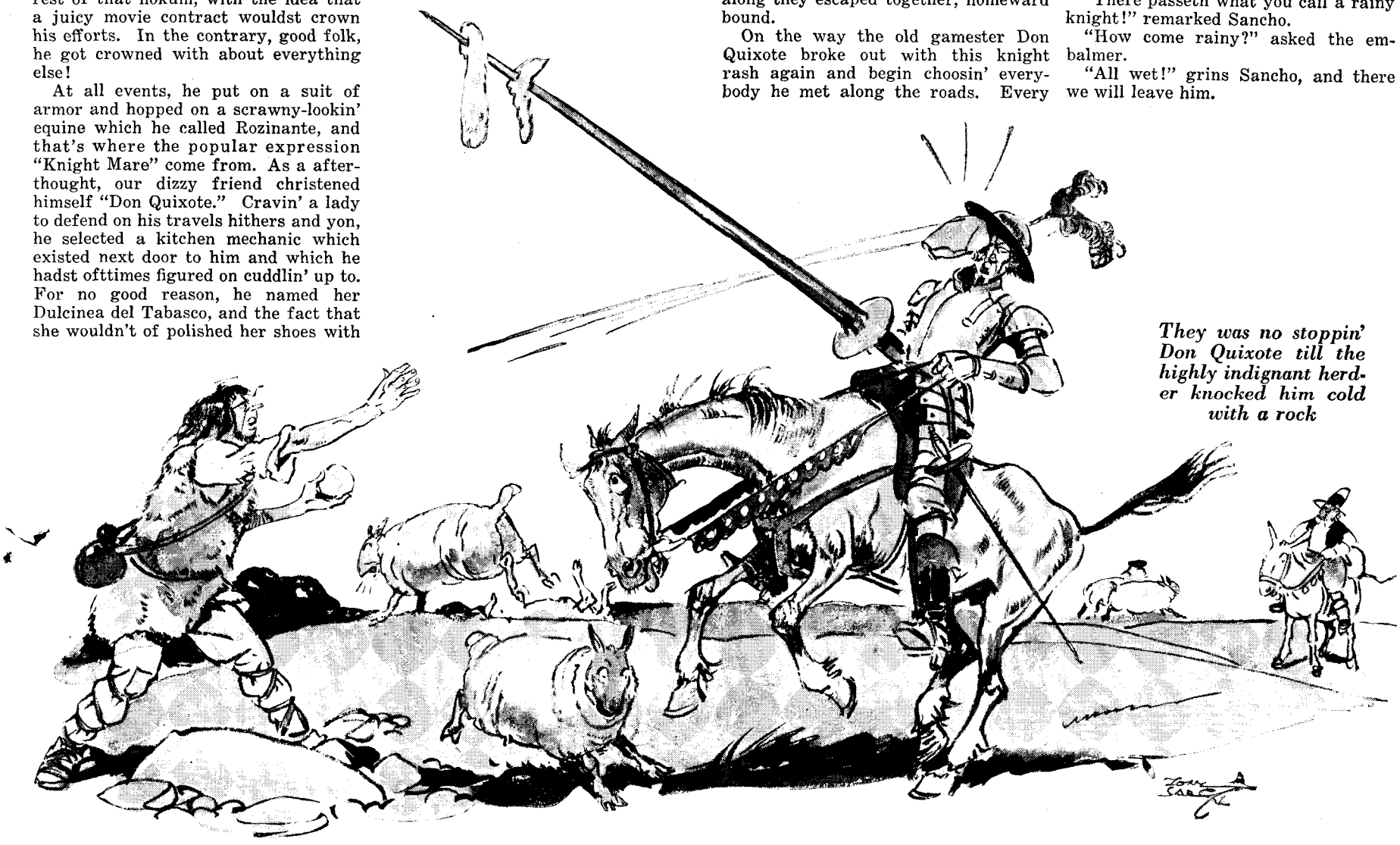
"Lookee here!" cries Sancho, which thought he was fakin' it, "you done plenty crazy things, but the craziest thing a man canst do in his whole life is to die!"

"That remark leaves me breathless!" exclaimed Don Quixote, and croaked.

"There passeth what you call a rainy knight!" remarked Sancho.

"How come rainy?" asked the embalmer.

"All wet!" grins Sancho, and there we will leave him.



They was no stoppin' Don Quixote till the highly indignant herder knocked him cold with a rock

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Nothing Succeeds like Common Sense

An interview with GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

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George Horace Lorimer, editor of The Saturday Evening Post

A YOUTH and a man met in Chicago when the lake breakers were uncowed by a climbing skyline. The youth did not look as though he believed in fairies, and the man, brusque-tongued, would hardly have been taken by anybody as a fairy godfather. The youth was George Horace Lorimer, and he answered a question and received a promise from P. D. Armour.

"What are you doing, George?" was the question.

"I'm at Yale," was the substance of the answer. Followed the promise:

"You'd better quit and come with me. I'll give you a job and make you a millionaire."

The master of the stockyards had apparently forgotten all about the incident next day when the youth, having decided that there were worse destinies than being a millionaire, appeared outside the throneroom.

P. D. Armour came out to greet him, laughed when Lorimer recalled his promise, and gave him a job at $10 a week in one of the departments in the La Salle Street office checking weights.

There is the familiar beginning of a saga of success—the bright and eager young man plumping a firm foot on the bottom rung to climb to the top and own or dominate the business he entered. It didn't turn out that way. After eight years with the packer, young Lorimer switched the motif, so the saga tells a different story. Instead of ranking among the Titans of American trade who were slurred as "beef barons" by the flippant, who did not realize that the slur was a salute, for these pioneer packers were truly baronial in their battering enterprise, the young man who held P. D. Armour to a promise stands in a separate and singular niche. George Horace Lorimer is the most successful editor of his times.

His preparation for the place and the power that he has made for himself began in a New England parsonage after his birth and early rearing in Louisville, Ky. The Rev. George C. Lorimer, his father, was a celebrated Scotch divine whose voice rang through the Tremont Temple in Boston to be echoed by calls to pastorates in Chicago and New York. This gave young Lorimer the advantage of early and assimilated contact with the booming Middle West; his growing mind was fed on the expanding picture of a growing country. This varied environment, combined with the mental discipline inalienable to the homes of the cultured Scots, stamped his character in youth with the indelible nationalism that is the mark of his career expressed in his work.

To Colby and Yale he went for his post-grammar-school education. When he quit the Yale class of 1888, which contained, among other men now of note, Irving Fisher, Alonzo Stagg and James Heyworth, his practical education began. And it is an item in his message that the process has not yet ended.

"At eighteen years of age," he recalls, "I aimed at no specific career. I was an omnivorous reader and had always been, although my early reading was regulated by my father and mother. Fiction was not permitted until I was almost sixteen, when I plunged into Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and the rest of the established writers. Also I wrote a good deal—much of it light verse, which is good training for anyone who seeks to write prose for a living. Journalism did not shape itself definitely as my lifework, although ambition pointed to it."

From Packing to Editing

THIS Chicago in which young Lorimer found himself had little stimulus for groping novices of art. It was the battleground of the lusty pioneers of railroading and commerce.

"In those days," he says, "I could take my gun after school and within thirty minutes' ride of the Chicago City Hall find jacksnipe, wild duck, prairie chicken and golden plover."

When he went with Armour it was with no shiftless, stop-gap intent that could never ripen to purpose. He wanted his job in that humming world of Chicago.

His energy in an emergency—a strike—attracted the attention of the head office, to which he was promptly promoted.

The relentless nose grinding under P. D. Armour was one disadvantage of working in close contact with this benevolent despot who personally owned and directed the vast Armour business.

But there were compensations. The fierce struggle, robust humor and vagrant sentiment of business were exemplified to him by uncounted events, by numberless men and women.

Giants like James J. Hill, the Empire Builder—although there were not many like him—played their parts on the stage young Lorimer watched; yet naturally his first and keenest etched impressions of the American of large business affairs came from P. D. Armour, his first big business chief.

George Horace Lorimer left Chicago and the packing industry behind him. He was a reporter in Boston for the Boston Post, and after other newspaper experiences he read in a public dispatch that Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Maine had bought The Saturday Evening Post. He telegraphed Mr. Curtis for an appointment.

"I expected to go to Philadelphia," he recounts—and it may here be noted that the even vibrance of his voice (a durable barytone unhappily lost to public speaking, which suffers from so many poor voices) is the same in narrative as in expressing comment or conviction. "Mr. Curtis, however, replied that I should meet him at the Hotel Touraine in Boston. There, on a divan in the lobby, we talked one morning for about ten minutes, and he engaged me as the first literary editor of The Saturday Evening Post. I was also the last literary editor.

"The Post had declined sadly after the Civil War. Men like Edgar Allan Poe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Bayard Taylor—indeed, many of the representative American fiction writers—had been contributors to the Post. It had at one time enjoyed a circulation of 100,000 and more. That was dissipated, so that when Mr. Curtis acquired it the circulation was merely 1,800 weekly, an eclectic paper of sixteen pages with no covers, its editorial content principally clipped from English and other periodicals that tolerated polite piracy."

No written policy guided him. He has never had a written policy, but at the outset he had a clear understanding of the popular mind in America. He saw business not as an affair of dusty ledgers, but as romance, adventure, wit, humor and pathos; as a force that reached into every home and was a part of every life. So he made it the function of his magazine to interest and inform the armies who were marking and shaping America either as captains or as privates.

"Fiction in American magazines," he says, "followed British models. The social scheme in England had no counterpart in America, so fiction based on their caste system and the theory that a life of leisure is the sole end of man could have no wide appeal in a working democracy that measured human values by achievement, not inheritance."

He commenced a hunt for authors. Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Crane and similar men were the big game of the day. He bagged some, missed others. It seemed, however, that nobody could give him exactly what he wanted—what his own experience convinced him the mass of literate Americans wanted.

Perhaps it was in despair that, finding his desire then uninterpretable by others, he set about to try to approximate his idea. So "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" appeared as one of the first forthright examples of modern American business fiction. The book remains to this day—twenty-five years after publication—as shrewdly discerning a (*Continued on page 47*)

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Dumb Bunnies

The story of a girl who braved the world to find adventure only to come back home

By SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

THE Fordyces are three sisters who spend their summers at Glenhaven on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound. They live in a white cottage with a pleasant veranda and queer old formal furniture, separated from the sea wall only by a scrap of lawn on which grass grows but patchily because in stormy weather the breakers dash over the promenade and spray the whole place with caustic brine.

Bee, the most forceful of the sisters, is often seen out with a garden hose, trying to wash the sea water off. The house stands so close to the sea, so near the most battered point of the shore line, that in wild weather the sisters within feel that almost any moment they may be riding, house and all, out into the deep. But they are never frightened away. They go on living there every year as if somebody or something commanded them to, from March to November.

"Dumb bunnies," gay modern youth calls them, these three ladies, Maryland born and bred. Yet, they are, strangely, not unsophisticated. They have all traveled. They talk familiarly of streets, shops and cafés in cities all over the world—not braggingly as would people who have made one grand tour, but casually, familiarly. They drink cocktails with no signs of dizziness. They smoke.

The two older sisters—the youngest is quite middle-aged—affect the sport type of clothing, rough coats, low-heeled Oxfords in combinations of colored leathers, soft, shapeless hats. Especially Bee has a tailored, mannish style. Sister Emily wears softer blouses, less rigorous other things, and so looks only careless. Annette, the youngest, the only one suggesting prettiness, wears frocks of modish design which just miss being smart by being of too gorgeous silk or too expensively trimmed. Annette's hands sparkle with diamonds. Annette's feet are always dainty in Fifth Avenue pumps of impractical grace. Annette, for the most intangible reasons, slightly suggests the courtesan.

They go everywhere together. Bee drives an old touring car. In it they ride ceremonially to this small town or that for market goods almost daily. Evenings they prowl about the summer colony, drop in at some cottage for a smoke and a bit of gossip; or they stay at home and work on counterpanes.

They have a curious design for counterpanes. It calls for small diamond-shaped blocks of silk and velvet. These are put together in an arrangement of two pieces of bright silk to one of black velvet, which gives a whole effect, when you hold up the spread, of little boxes stacked in dizzy tiers. It bothers your eyes, but it is curious.

Sister Emily cuts the blocks and bastes them together to make the little boxes. It looks natural for this dumpy, homely one to sew on counterpanes. When Emily smokes it always shocks you, as if your grandmotner had forgotten herself. Bee whips over Emily's bastings with firm, stiff stitches and sometimes goes on to sew the blocks into strips. Sitting stiff and straight, her hard features set in whole-hearted concentration on her share of the task, Bee has the air of one driving nails. Bee smokes more naturally, slowly, with a meditative look, eyes half-closed.

Annette assembles the counterpanes. Her hair is still a bright red-brown and has a wind-blown wildness that is charming. Her complexion is now going fast to ruin, the texture coarsening, wrinkles coming to stay about the eyes and mouth but, compared to the two others, she looks inevitably young. Her eyes, almost identical in color with her hair, are so bright, so quick, so sudden in their glances. Her mouth is humorous. That is, it has a queer, deprecating droop that gives a twist to her words. However proper or fitting a remark from that mouth may be, something seems always to say simultaneously, "Now, isn't that absurd?"

Annette keeps saying that the counterpane she is putting together is the last of a related group and they will make no more. Then she will look at you silently, and you will have the

Illustrated by JOHN HAELEN

"You lied to me, you ocean. You said that life was big and full of adventure for the brave"

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impression of a snorting laugh, deriding all things: "My God, we'll sit here and sew on counterpanes until we die. Don't I know?"

If you are a stranger admiring this handiwork—it is admirable—Annette may say, a smoldering light in those bright brown eyes, "I know a man who is a silk manufacturer. He sends me these samples of silk. Pretty, aren't they?"

And then you look at Annette and wonder what there is about her—

They have a dog, a yellow dog named Pip. Bee brought him home when he was a tiny puppy, and they all cherish him. They watch the temperature of his nose. They dose him. They diet him. He sheds yellow and white hairs over motor robes and upholstery and dresses and coats with impunity. He goes with them everywhere.

They have a cook, a Negress, who looks old enough to be Revolutionary, with her white hair and steel-rimmed glasses, a neat creature who stays with them such months of every summer as her rheumatism allows. Siney's attitude is glum. They say she is not cross; that she is very devoted. But she seems at least displeased.

They have one husband among them. His name is William. He isn't remarkable to look at, a rather indefinite person who wears glasses and brown suits and likes lemon pie and plays rotten golf touchily; but he is male, oh, much more male than Pip. Annette is married to him. It is Annette whom ostensibly he comes to see. He is a corporation lawyer whose activities scatter his time pretty well among the cities of the eastern seaboard, and he comes down for week-ends. His last name is Wetherby.

The sisters adore him, especially the two who are not married to him. Sister Emily says "Willie" in a hushed tone reserved for him alone. Of him Bee speaks with an air of pride and possession. He seems slightly more precious to her than the black cameo pin surrounded with pearls which was her grandmother's. When Willie is due for a visit, Bee's eyes are bright and there is a snap to her voice and Sister Emily spends as much time in the kitchen as black Siney will allow and retires finally, pleading with the cook to remember that Willie cannot eat cucumbers and he loves corncakes for breakfast. And the household takes on an air of solemn expectancy.

Annette is just this man's wife. She doesn't talk about him much. If she does mention him, it is with shy diffidence. Then, or when others discuss him, there comes a sort of flush on her face, and the deprecatory glimmer is most noticeable in her smile, a bravado a confession, a cynicism.

"Well, there had to be a man; and I, you see, provided him!"

Oh, the years have aged her sisters; but they have branded Annette.

WHEN Annette Fordyce announced that she was going to spend the summer with friends on the California coast the only member of the household who approved was black Siney, the cook. Annette's sisters were simply astounded. Ever since childhood they had lived all their summers at Glenhaven; and that was a number of years, even for Annette, then twenty-five.

"I never knew another family," said Annette, "who did things so exactly by ritual and such stupid, unoriginal things!"

A frown pulled together her brown eyebrows. Discontent was in her smoldering eyes, in the thrust of her lower lip. Annette at twenty-five was a beauty, a petite, rounded, girlish creature with a glory of auburn hair and a skin fair as apple blossoms. But this morning she looked as if her breakfast egg had not agreed with her and she might smash something in consequence.

There had been a fearful storm, one of the worst in Glenhaven annals. Gales were frequent enough. This one had boomed and howled in the usual way; then quite suddenly, in what should have been the dead of night, it assumed terrifying proportions. Before the Fordyces knew what was happening, the breakers had leaped over the sea wall, the waters were swirling about the house foundations, the spray was slapping their second-story windows.

They had been taken off in boats. Such a to-do and shouting and bawling and shrieking! And now, in the morning, here they were back, the house undamaged, everything quite the same, except that Sister Emily fluttered about in an epilogue of excitement and Bee's voice was shrill as she told the story to inquirers over and over and over again. Annette thought she would scratch her if she commenced it one more time. Their idea of a thrill!

The storm, which fretted Annette, did not disprove monotony. Something might have happened, but nothing did. Nothing ever had! Nothing ever would. That old Sound had kicked up with unlicensed violence for once, but it was almost instantly under control. A proscribed, landlocked pseudo ocean! Beautiful, too beautiful, too restrained! An endless round of rough water, smooth water, high tides and low, with ever so often a ruction, which subsided.

SO WAS her living. Always about her was a chain, like the land that barred the Sound. The chain was tradition. The Fordyce family was old, laden with prestige, stiff with custom. Once a Fordyce did a thing and found it excellent, from school to foreign travel, he insisted on all Fordyces doing it forever. And the oftener they did the same thing the sotter they were and the prouder. That, at least, was Annette's idea of tradition.

Lately she had been doing the wildest things. She had taken to walking like a mad person up and down and around, but chiefly on Scum Beach, of all places. Glenhaven is shaped like a crescent moon, a sandy stretch basking in the sun from its rising to its setting. Above the northeastern point the shore line breaks into so many islets and coves that it is good only for the lobster men and so on; below the southwestern horn the tide goes out over wide, bubbling, rocky flats. These flats are named Scum Beach.

There Annette had been dawdling on her walks, suddenly curious, sniffing the queer smells, looking at the queer people, talking to them! The clam diggers, busy and happy, did not resent her approach, frankly experimental, not at all shy. They flung their hair out of their eyes and answered her questions. Once she grew extremely excited because a man with a hopelessly huge pail had, after the damnedest luck, opened up a populous colony of the squirting black shells. She cheered. He stopped his sloshing about to laugh at her. He was young and brown and his clothes were dirty, but his eyes were a startling blue amid his sunburn and his teeth were the whitest and strongest she had ever seen. His unrestrained laughter yodeled about among the rocks. Something in Annette turned over.

"Oh!" she said, stared at the man, turned and walked away—quickly.

She did not go back to Scum Beach, but last night the clam digger had carried her out of the house. None of the Fordyce girls was afraid of storms, but they fascinated Annette.

Last night Annette had known the waters were wilder than she had ever seen them, but never had a storm come so aptly to her mood. She wanted to raise her window and shout back, "I'm coming! I'm coming—if it kills me!" She assured Sister Emily that she was doing nothing foolish. "Yes, right away!" she called in response to Bee's shrill warning: "We've got to leave, Annette. The water's all around us. They've brought boats to the back door!"

But she stayed. And he came, plunging into her room, as if he had been an overwhelming wave himself. He was angry, gorgeously angry.

"Haven't you got a grain of sense?" he roared at her and picked her instantly off her feet. He carried her down the steps, ignored boats, waded through swirling brine. She heard it swishing about his legs. She felt his arms tight, strong as cables, about her. She was conscious of his face above her hair, of his gusty breathing, of the throbbing of his heart.

He was conscious of her. He set her down among her people with a rough, "There you are!" But he stood still a moment. His eyes were oddly dilated. He was boundless force, in check. Then he strode off.

It would be her move next. She must go down to Scum Beach and seek him if she would see him again. And then? Ah, well, something mad she was bound to do if she (*Continued on page 44*)

She felt his arms tight about her. She was conscious of the throbbing of his heart

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Heavens! What Next?

The girls may think they're interested in what next season's styles are going to be, but you ought to see the designers and the "creators" bite their finger nails. They're worried sick. It's terrible

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Alfred Cheney Johnston

If Leonora Hughes wears this to-day, will it do to-morrow? Probably not

WE HAVE it from intimate friends of Monsieur Shaunard that, unlike the rest of the Western World, he has not smiled since short skirts came into fashion.

The tears that men shed in the weeks immediately following the disaster might have made a Sahara a quagmire, and the seclusion he found would have satisfied a professional troglodyte.

It was in 1922 when the frill and furbelow district of Paris was in a ferment. Indecision inhabited the Rue de la Paix and irresolution paralyzed the Champs Élysées.

For the first time the edict of Paris in women's styles was in peril. There were those—Americans, to be sure, who else?—who were having the temerity to dictate.

Someone—peste!—in the fall of 1921 had given the women of America a short skirt, and the barbarians had taken it with gleeful shouts. But what would you with Americans?

And now with the July exhibitions but ten weeks off America was demanding more and shorter skirts—and—name of a dog!—all but threatening. Threatening Paris, is it not so! Make them short or go jump over the Louvre in them. That, my old one, was what those Americans were saying.

And worse, there were Parisian couturiers who were ready to capitulate and, genuflecting before the vast American dollar, preparing to give the savages what they demanded. Might all their sons become ventriloquists and their daughters cornet players!

Consequently the skirt was fluttering; not with the hither-and-yon agitation dictated by the breezes from the Bois but vertically as a hand-managed theatre curtain teeters upward and downward. One day they would have to stop; but (ah, my poor pigeon) would they stop up or would they stop down? The war? It was as nothing.

Now Monsieur Shaunard was a style scout. Twice a year and oftener if required he would predict for the benefit of his American employers (an important modiste and a costume director for a moving-picture corporation) the trend of the styles.

Skirts Rise: The Oracle Falls

FOR example, he would prophesy in November, March, September or October what the properly clad woman would wear six months hence. The regular showings in Paris for the benefit of the American buyers and designers are held in February and July; but what of that? Monsieur Shaunard required no parades of the mannequins to inform him of styles. For twenty-five years he had been doing this thing, and there had never been so much as a close decision. Monsieur Shaunard was always right. He knew what your Drecolls, Molyneuxes and Henris dreamed. Virtually clairvoyant was Monsieur Shaunard.

He had to be. If to-day a motion-picture company dresses a battalion of beautiful women for release six months hence, or even less, the costume director must know what the modes will be six months hence. Anyone can understand that.

He had triumphs to point to. It was he who had forecast the uneven hem lines when others hid their eyes in horror at the very thought thereof. Who but Monsieur Shaunard had said "Shoulder yokes and three-quarter coats" when it would have been worth a brave woman's life to so much as ask a costumer for such things?

There were other style scouts in Paris with Monsieur Shaunard in 1922. And there were between three and four hundred buyers and designers coming from America to behold the July paradings and see what Paris had done about this short skirt without which they would hardly dare return to New York.

And all the scouts went sleepless except Monsieur. He alone did not walk the left bank in terror of nights and pray for strength.

A pox on the weaklings!

A whole month before the July showings he cabled his employers:

"Paris is still Paris. Here the mode begins and ends. The skirt shall be even longer."

Skirts went up that year—went up and stayed up.

Monsieur Shaunard was fired. The American modiste who employed him has yet to recover the prestige she lost because of him and the motion-picture corporation was the possessor of seven thousand feet of filmed women in vintage garments. There was not a calf bulge in the seven reels.

Now nothing would please me more than to pursue to its tragic end the story of Monsieur Shaunard. Not to tell it all seems utterly unfair to him as well as you. Yet this is no place for it. What little of the blighting of his life I have set down is merely by way of introducing sensationally the tale of how we in America come by Paris styles simultaneously with Paris.

I personally am no authority, but I have talked with gown designers who know their business so well that they are paid from fifteen to fifty thousand dollars a year. I have frank facts from importing and creating modistes whose salons are so grand that they immediately reduce ordinary mortals to a state of slavish subjection. And I have the freely given evidence of the costume designers for the movies.

Spies, Spies, Spies? But Yes

TWICE a year Paris parades its styles. The American manufacturers of women's wear and the important modistes and department stores send their designers and buyers across the ocean in flower-bowered cabins to behold, buy and study.

These ambassadors do not fare forth in simple ignorance all prepared to be startled into speechlessness. They leave New York with a pretty comprehensive idea of what awaits them on the boulevards.

Almost all of them have been in frequent mail communication with their own Monsieur Shaunards and they have been well advised by experts about what is going on in the close laboratories of Worth, Patou, Cyber and Paul Caret.

Tolman is working in charmeline. Zut, zut! Creating a red tailored thing with a swathed belt and gold and black embroideries. All sizes too. From thirty-six to sixty. It is not Tolman's concern if our larger ladies have the will to resemble hills of currant jelly.

And Alice Bernard—deluded soul—is mysterious over a black crêpe de Chine with two-tiered skirts, but spying eyes have beheld Alice at her cunning.

And do not (*Continued on page 49*)

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Draper came nearer, and the sun shone on his lustful face

"Done Got Over"

She was little, not strong, not young; but she was Miss Jinny Pickens, not to be prevailed against

By ALMA *and* PAUL ELLERBE

WOODIE SIMMONS walked past the house three times before he found courage to open the gate. He was trying to decide what he was going to say. His mind switched; no sooner had he chosen sentences than he forgot them and thought of others. He went up the walk at last because he was afraid that if he delayed longer he wouldn't be able to think of any at all.

There were four-o'clocks on either side of the walk, their blossoms furled into tight little yellow and red fists, and beyond them prince's feather, nasturtiums, a chinaberry tree and a syringa bush all mixed in with tomatoes (the kind that bear small fruit, like red marbles), collards, mint, jimpson weeds and white and yellow dog fennel. The Rev. Zachariah Draper spent but little time on things like gardening. But his congregation kept his house in good repair. It was the best in the Negro section of Lower Habersham.

Woodie knocked. There was the sound of a tilted chair let down to the floor, and then of a heavy foot, and Draper came into the doorless hallway that ran through the middle of the house with the slinging slouch that had always made Woodie think of an enormous, sore-footed cat. He had been afraid of the preacher all his life.

"Good morning," he said, as simply as he could, but he knew his voice had a stilted sound.

Draper straightened and fumbled with his collar, which was unbuttoned. He buttoned it and made a pompous bow. "Howdy, suh? What can Ah do fer yer?"

THE boy had the miserable consciousness that he had been mistaken for a white man. He was tall for his seventeen years, with a coffee-and-cream colored skin; the light shone from behind him; he and Draper had not met for five years, and he wore the kind of clothes that in that place only white men wore: a gray tweed suit, tan Oxford shoes and blue socks, a clean white collar, a blue cravat and a sailor straw hat. He was intensely conscious of them, but they were all he had.

"It—it's jest Woodie Simmons, Brudder Zach," he stammered, dropping desperately into the vernacular in an attempt at conciliation. "Don't yer know me?"

Draper came nearer, and the morning sun shone on his boldly modeled, lustful face until it gleamed like oiled black marble. His huge body seemed to exude health and strength, along with a rank, unpleasant odor of its own and the smell of snuff. He wore enormous carpet slippers on his bare feet, blue overalls, a dirty white stiff shirt without a cravat and the greenish black frock coat which was his inevitable badge of office. He tilted back his head, his lips curled away from his snuff-chinked teeth and bluish gums, something lightened in his live black eyes and he broke into a great whoop of laughter.

The volume and unexpectedness of it startled the boy. He shrank back as if he had been pushed. His anger rose, but fear and grief made him weak.

"Li'l Woodie Simmons!" Draper roared. "Li'l pickaninny Woodie, dressed up lak' *dat!*" He drew an immense blue handkerchief with white polka dots on it from the tails of his coat and wiped his eyes and blew his nose, watching Woodie the while with a malignant shrewdness beneath his feigned amusement. He enjoyed the boy's discomfort and wanted to prolong it. "Tell me, son, do de Yankee white man what's payin' fer yer at dat school up North throw in dem clo'es?"

"He—he pays all my expenses. All the boys dress thisaway. And—and everybody else in the town."

"Do tell! Ah thought mebbe dey'd done made yer er perfesser or somethin'. And now yer's done graduyer-waited yerse'f, is yer gwine take de colonel's place down ter de bank, or be de chief er *po*lice, or what?"

WOODIE'S eyes filled with tears. He trembled like a colt in a thunderstorm—he was leggy and sensitive and slender like a colt. "Brother Zack," he said timidly, "my father—died—last night."

A swift change went over the preacher. His easy, bantering air disappeared. He bent forward an intent grave face. Always and innately dramatic, he listened in every line.

"There's nobody but—but you to preach—at his funeral. Will you—will you please do it?"

Draper gazed at the boy for a long moment. "Tampa Simmons daid!" he said slowly. He pursed his lips and narrowed his eyes, nodding his head to emphasize the words. "Tampa Simmons *daid!*"

He still seemed to be listening, but now to something inside himself. His unseeing eyes were turned inward. A change went over his face and illumined his eye. He regarded Woodie with stern dignity. The boy knew the issue had been settled, but not how.

"Yer paw was er backslider an' er Philly-stine. He turned his back on 'ligion. He fought me up an' he fought me down, ever since de day Ah first come ter de Ole Ship er Zion, fifteen years ago. Ah wrastled wid um in de presence uv de Lawd, an' he scandalized *mah name.*"

It was the deep, sure barytone that had won him half his battles. He could turn it on like an organ stop whenever he needed it. It had a strangely moving quality. Woodie felt it in the flesh of his back.

"But de Sperret says ter me: 'Bury um from de Ole Ship an' preach ter

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his funeral.' Ah feel de Sperret movin' in mah heart, an' dat what it say: 'Bury um from de Ole Ship an' preach ter his funeral.' Yer can tell yer maw Ah'll do it."

Woodie told her two hours later, after he had bought food in the town, made arrangements for the funeral to be held the next morning at nine o'clock —the hour set by Draper—notified their friends, and jogged the three miles back home on the old white mule that had gone down the furrows ahead of his father ever since he could remember.

"Praise de name er Jesus!" she said gently in her soft voice. "Glory be ter Gawd! Ah never thought he'd do it!"

She turned her face to the white-washed wall where she lay on her bed and began to cry quietly to herself, from relief. Before Woodie could leave the room she had gone to sleep, for the first time in forty-eight hours.

She was a soft, plump little woman, almost the same color as her son, full of kindness and forgivingness. She had had no part in the feud between her husband and the preacher. She had always gone to church at the Old Ship of Zion. When Draper became a part of it she had accepted him without question. He preached only hate and fear: hate of the unconverted, of the liberal-minded, of white people, and fear of, almost equally, God and the devil, but she didn't see that. She was perplexed and frightened when her husband denounced him as un-Christian and withdrew his family from the church. That had been fifteen years ago, when Woodie was a baby.

Other people had followed Tampa Simmons—who was a good deal of a leader in his own right—but not for long. There was fascination in the very boards of the Old Ship and a dread fascination in Draper. His gift of torrential oratory was unlike anything the Piney Woods had known. His congregation whispered that he "had a hand," and shivered with dreadful pleasure, seeing his power as half from Satan and half from God, and wholly interesting. Their meager lives would have been barren of entertainment, their genuine religious fervor denied an outlet, without Draper and the Old Ship. Everyone had drifted back but the Simmonses.

WOODIE'S mother had remained away solely from loyalty to his father. As Woodie lingered, looking down at her, he realized with a pang that at any time during the fifteen years she would have returned to the Old Ship, if she could, as a carrier pigeon to its home. She had never really understood how his father felt, nor why. Woodie had understood, even five years ago—when he was too young to talk about it. He could have talked about it now, and now it was too late.

He went into the other room. Pieces of dark cloth had been tacked up at the windows to keep out the light. Two old women were bent together beside the fireless hearth. He had always called them Aunt Caroline and Aunt Miranda, but they were not related to him. He could barely see them in the half dark, but the mound of his father's body beneath a sheet on the bed stood out clearly. Nothing could have lain so still which had not once had life in it. The room smelled of medicine and snuff and food, and somehow faintly of death. The old women were talking in whispers and dipping snuff.

There was another woman in the lean-to kitchen, beside the stove, where he had never seen anyone but his mother. She was cooking dinner: collards, turnip greens with pork, and crackling bread. The strong odors made him a little queasy. The woman was stout and black and shone with perspiration. She had big, loose breasts and cheeks and lips and shrewd, tolerant eyes. She wore the garbled remains of white women's clothes: shoes broken at the bulges, a black silk skirt that had split on the creases and a newly blackened waist still damp with pokeberry dye. Her face looked strange to Woodie without its usual half smile. Her name was Maria Knox, and her husband was a truck gardener. He had known her all his life, but when they spoke to each other their words were stiff and unnatural. He had played with her children almost every day until he went away, but now it seemed that it wasn't he who had known them.

HE WAS feeling more clearly and deeply than he had ever felt; the impressions made upon him were going to last until he was an old man, but because he kept seeing himself as if he were someone else, he thought he wasn't much affected, and was disappointed in himself. He couldn't help seeing the house as if it were a stage-set for a play about inferior people, and the people in the house as if they had been actors, and that seemed to him cruel and unworthy.

He went on out of doors and sat on a stump near the house, where his father used to smoke his pipe in the evening. It came to him there that *he* was the head of the family now. Somehow he had to take the place of the strong, resourceful man who was dead. He felt slight and ignorant—incompetent. The flash and fragrance of the spring day seemed inappropriate and unnatural. He held up his hand to shield his eyes. The fresh yellow-jasmine-scented air was strange in his nostrils.

He stared off across the clearing. That too seemed like a scene in a play, and yet no other spot of ground was so familiar. The climbing sun lit as if they had been candles the red trumpet flowers that hung on a twisted pine. There had always been a trumpet vine on that tree. . . .

Something moved near the base of the tree. He looked more closely and saw that it was a woman. She was waving her hand—beckoning. He got up and walked across the clearing.

As he came nearer he recognized a spry, birdlike creature who played the melodeon in the Old Ship. He remembered that she used to give him tea cakes.

"Why, howdy, sis? Charity?" He held out his hand.

She took it and peered at him with nearsighted eyes from a kindly face as wrinkled as a nanny-oak ball.

"Howdy, Woodie? Yer sho' has growed lak' er weed! De spittin' image uv yer maw! Ah called yer over hyeh ter keep from disturbin' her. Ah—Ah got somethin' ter tell yer."

Her eyes blinked rapidly; she put her head first on one side and then on the other with quick little jerks and her fingers worked nervously together.

"Dat low-down nigger, dat Zach Draper"—she looked around uneasily —"when he preach ter yer paw's funeral termorrer, he gwine—gwine"—her voice shook—"*he gwine sen' his soul ter hell!*"

Woodie stared in blank amazement. "He's go'n'er do *what?*"

"*He gwine sen' yer paw's soul ter hell!*"

"But—but how can he? What's *he* got to do with it? Don't everybody know Pappy was a good man? Do you think anybody will believe him?"

"*Ev'ybody* b'lieve um! Ain't he de preacher? An' ain't yer paw laid his 'ligion down? Fer fifteen years he ain't gone ter church nowhar!"

"There warn't anywheres else to go but the Old Ship."

"That ain't gwine make no diff'rence ter most folks. Dey'll say Brudder Zach's got de right ter decide 'bout dat. He's er powerful man when it comes ter de 'splainments uv de Sperret!"

Woodie had the feel of things crumbling down inside of him. "I'll—stop him somehow!" he said in a choked voice; but he felt frightened and confused. He looked into the troubled eyes of the little organist. "What can I do, sis—Charity?" he faltered.

"Ah dunno, chile! Ah dunno! Ah's knowed yer paw all mah life, and, preacher or no preacher, Zach Draper ain't fitten ter tote swill fer um!"

"Can't you—can't you change him somehow? Can't you talk him out of it?"

"Ah's done tried ter! Ah's talked ter um till he won't listen ter me no mo'."

Woodie shook with sudden anger. "Did you tell him he's ornery—lowdown —mean?"

"Gawd A'mighty, boy, Ah dassent! Ah'm skeered uv um! Ev'ybody's skeered uv um!" She lowered her voice almost to a whisper: "Dey do say he's got er han'!"

Woodie shivered. You got a "hand" from a conjure doctor, and it gave you supernatural power over your enemies. He had thought, off at school, that he had come to regard such things as nonsense, but down here a deep live current of terror ran through the people, and he found himself tingling to it as he used to do.

Woodie stood for a long time beneath the swaying trumpet flowers, thinking. There was one person who could stop Draper if she would. Miss Jinny Pickens could stop any colored man or woman in that county from doing anything. His grandfather and grandmother had belonged to her, and he had seen his father and mother turn to her in every emergency. He went to her now as naturally as they would have done.

But first he told the three women what Charity had said, and made them promise to help him keep it from his mother.

From the other side of the gentle tree-smothered valley that stretched before it the house lifted itself with its old air of remote nobility, but when he had walked up the long, winding driveway under the oaks and hickory trees and sycamores, he saw that the paint had flaked from the tall Corinthian columns—which no longer had the effect of propping up the sky—and that the iron balcony (*Continued on page 30*)

Illustrated by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

"It's—it's jest Woodie Simmons, Brudder Zack," the boy stammered. "Don't yer know me?"

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The Gins of the Fathers

If our youngsters stayed cold sober, it would place them in the position of disapprovin' of their parents, thus robbin' fathers and mothers of the courage to carry on the battle for personal liberty—

Uncle Henry

"If I had the money, I'd go in for lawbreakin' myself. I don't know of any pleasanter way to pass the time"

"THE thing I mind most about prohibition," complained Mr. Stubbs, "is the children. Boys an' girls, not half dry behind the ears, runnin' around with flasks on their hips, guzzlin' down bad liquor like grown-ups."

"That's the reason, 'Lonzo," said Uncle Henry. "What if the young of our upper classes didn't drink? What if they stayed cold sober while their elders pulled off big-game hunts in the parlor, pursuin' pink elephants from mantelpiece to chandelier? Can't you see that it would place youngsters in the position of disapprovin' of their parents, thus takin' the life out of cocktail parties an' robbin' fathers an' mothers of the courage to carry on the battle for personal liberty?

"Preachers an' the press may thunder about the wildness an' godlessness of the younger generation, but there was never a time in the history of the world when children were more lovin' an' dutiful.

"You can't tell me that youngsters *like* this cactus juice that's bein' peddled around nowadays. When they leave a dance to go out an' sit in their automobiles, never think it's for the purpose of pettin'. No, indeed! Either they seek the solitude of the parked car in order to have their fits quietly or else they want to tap the gasoline tank to kill the taste of the gin.

Brains and Booze

"I NEVER see a boy pull a flask out of his pocket that I don't doff my hat to him with the same reverence that I would to the Unknown Soldier, for in his way he's jes' as much of a hero. I'm an old man, used to the punishments of life, but you couldn't hire me to take a shot of synthetic booze unless I had the whole Red Cross standin' by an' four or five ministers in the offin', holdin' their Bibles at half-cock.

"We do well to hold John Paul Jones in love an' admiration for his historic reply, 'I have just begun to fight.' But is there not an equal grandeur of courage in the gallant cry of the present-day boy an' girl, 'I have just begun to drink'? Prohibition is bringin' back the old rugged pioneer qualities, and revivin' the hero strain that seemed in danger of dyin' out. An' there's still another fine thing that the Eighteenth Amendment's done."

"What's that?" belligerently demanded Mr. Stubbs.

"It's put an awful crimp in socialism," answered Uncle Henry. "It's ended all this nonsensical jabber about men bein' born equal, everybody comin' into the world with adenoids the same size, and nobody bein' a bigger fool than anybody else. The Volstead Act has smashed this insane theory once an' for all, provin' conclusively that the upper classes in America *are* the upper classes because they've got the brains.

The 18th Rum Hole

"LOOK at how the workin' people of the country have let the Eighteenth Amendment beat 'em. The masses are so bone-dry that they have to call in a doctor whenever they want to spit, an' the nearest they ever get to liquor is when the boss breathes hard or a captain of industry drops his suit case. In the presence of a terrible emergency like prohibition, the vaunted intelligence of the workin' classes is seen to be a myth. The great American slogan, 'Booze as Usual,' finds 'em dumb.

"Personal Liberty has been snatched from 'em without a struggle. Stand at a factory gate on Monday mornin', an' you see 'em marchin' to their toil like driven cattle, not even a black eye to mitigate the shame of their surrender. Talk with any employer, an' he gets so enthusiastic tellin' what the Volstead Act has done for the workers of the United States that sometimes he actually forgets to pour out his drink.

"Compare this spineless showin', this brainless resistance to tyranny, with the courage, brains an' skill that the upper classes have displayed. A whole army of bootleggers had to be raised, organized an' equipped, together with a rum-runnin' navy, an' the manner in which this was done, almost overnight, will ever stand as a monument to the administrative genius of our business an' intellectual groups.

"Nor was there any lack of energy an' ingenuity while this great work of organization was goin' on. Keenly appreciative of the fact that the habit of drinkin' might be lost, a call went out to drink *anything*, an' never was any call more faithfully obeyed. Almost without exception, homes of wealth an' refinement were converted into distilleries, bathrooms diverted from their normal uses, an' even women an' children employed to smooth the wrinkled front of raisins.

"For another thing, the upper classes have shown an *esprit de corps*, a team spirit, that's entirely lackin' in the masses. When a proletarian happens to know an Italian, he keeps the good news to himself, but go to any country-club party an' you'll find the guests exchangin' the names an' telephone numbers of their bootleggers an' swappin' such intimate confidences as how they got good results out of crank-case drippin's mixed with any good cleanin' fluid.

"What's more, men an' women who never touched a drop in their lives before have rallied to the battle cry of freedom an' are hurlin' in their share of hooch along with the rest, so as not to be traitors to their class. Go to any zoo in the land, an' you'll see the pallid victims of cocktail parties standin' in line at the rattlesnake cage, waitin' for their turn to have a diamond-back bite 'em in hope of a cure.

"Of course, it's got to be admitted that the upper classes have certain marked advantages when it comes to wagin' the fight for personal liberty. The workers of the country don't go in for golf, an' there's nothin' on earth like eighteen holes to make a man careless of what he drinks. After you've been in the rough for hours, only hearin' of the fairway from vague report, even turpentine goes down easy, an' benzine is like wine dripped from heaven.

"Same way with Eugene O'Neill's plays, Theodore Dreiser's works, cabarets an' other amusements of the rich, like supper clubs. There's nothin' like 'em for drivin' a human bein' to drink. You simply cannot take 'em straight, some sort of chaser bein' absolutely essential.

"It's also the case that lawbreakin' has always been licensed as far as rich folks are concerned. Yessir! *Licensed!* If you get arrested for violatin' the Eighteenth Amendment, or for pickin' flowers in a park, runnin' an automobile at ninety miles an hour, or bein' drunk an' disorderly, you can either go to jail or you can pay a fine.

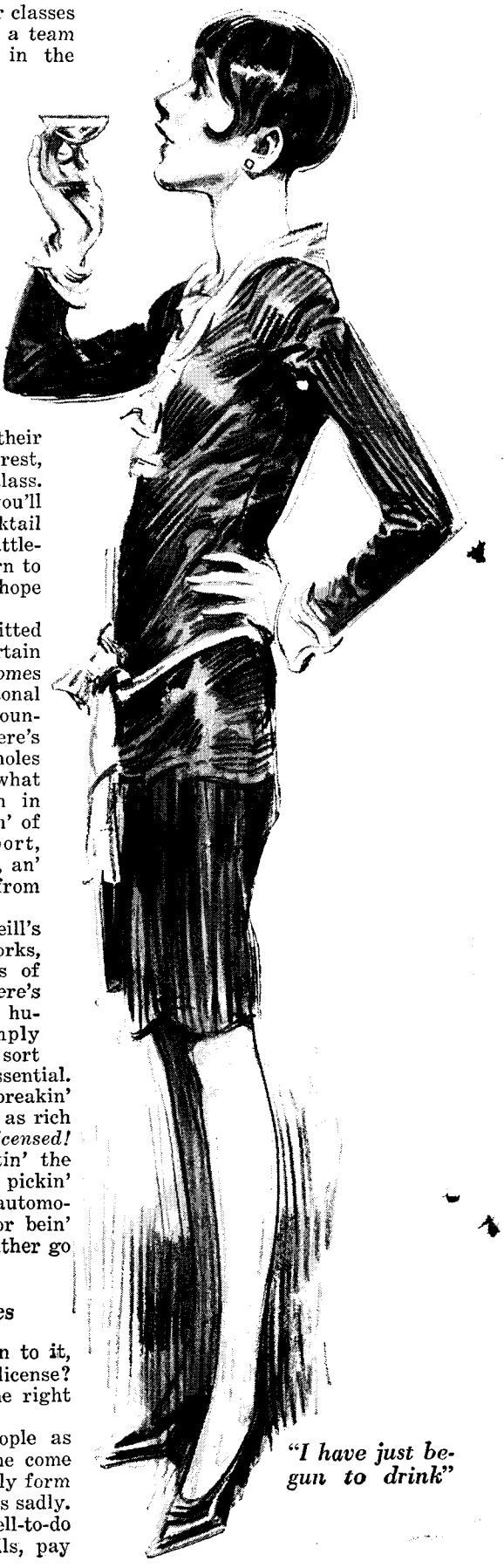
Glass-Conscious Struggles

"WHEN you come right down to it, 'Lonzo, what is a fine but a license? You're charged so much for the right to commit an offense.

"As a consequence, such people as are without funds to pay a fine come to a fear of the law an' gradually form the habit of takin' their pleasures sadly. On the other hand, your well-to-do simply flip a bill off their rolls, pay their license fees, an' that's all there is to it. If I had the money, I'd certainly go in for lawbreakin' myself. I don't know of any pleasanter way to pass the time."

"Gas all you want," muttered Mr. Stubbs, "but these here discriminations in the enforcement of the Volstead Act ain't doin' the country any good. They're breedin' class-consciousness."

"You mean class-unconsciousness, don't you?" Uncle Henry answered. "The sad thing about it is that some of these champions of personal liberty *never* come to."



"I have just begun to drink"

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A Short Short Story

Illustrated by CLARK FAY

He looked into their eyes and saw everything we had guessed at

By OWEN P. WHITE

The Simpleton

VICTOR was a brute! But—"God, ain't he handsome!" That's what the girls in the dance halls at Dawson, and at Forty Mile too, said about him, and it was true. Victor was the biggest man in either camp; he was one of the luckiest also, either out in the diggings or at the gambling tables, and, drunk or sober, he was the most reckless and the meanest in a fight.

None of us knew where Victor came from and none of us cared. The good men in both camps feared and avoided him, but the bad women adored him. They worshiped him almost, just for his magnificent brutishness, and thus for a long time that was the way things stood with Victor. Then came the Simpleton. We called him that because we all thought he was blind, or maybe a coward, we didn't know which.

The Simpleton moved into the cabin up the trail ten miles from Dawson, and there he established headquarters as a musher. He had the best dogs in the district, and he knew how to handle them. That fact always amused us. His dogs were big and heavy and fierce, hard to manage, and many a time we'd talk about it and wonder how a little fellow like the Simpleton, who couldn't control his own wife, could have ever beaten obedience into such a bunch of huskies.

It was the Simpleton's wife that got him his nickname. She was blue-eyed and pretty: the prettiest woman, by a good deal, that had showed up in either camp in three years—I'd been there that long—and it was just Victor's luck that he should see and meet her the very first time her husband brought her into Dawson. Of course we didn't see all that happened. We just guessed at it, but our guess was a good one because after that first meeting Victor stayed away from the dance-hall girls nearly all the time, and at regular intervals he would leave Dawson and be away for two or three days at each stretch.

Finally we figured it out. You know when the nights are long and cold, like they are up here, and when women are scarce, we men get curious and talk and speculate a lot, and so it came about that we watched Victor until we found that his absences from Dawson tallied exactly with the absences of the Simpleton from the cabin up the trail.

The rest of what we had in our minds we guessed at, but we wondered how long it would be before the Simpleton would come home at the wrong time and probably get his head caved in for his carelessness.

And one day the Simpleton did come home! None of us knew about it at the time, but we began to miss Victor, and then, after two or three months had gone by and he didn't show up in either camp, we did some more guessing. We also asked the Simpleton a few pretty direct questions, and out of it all our imaginations put a story together. It could have happened but one way.

VICTOR had left us, we remembered that, on a morning when most of us would have stayed in camp. It was a day when anything was likely to happen. The air was full of frost; it was still, dead still, and that made it ominous. But Victor didn't care. He stepped out across the snow, and within two hours, as we later figured it, he must have been in the Simpleton's cabin, warming himself before the Simpleton's fire and being warmed by the love of the Simpleton's wife.

And then the storm came. Within three hours one of those winds which sweep up from the southwest and blow for five or six days at a stretch was howling across the country. There was snow with that wind too—thick, heavy, blinding snow—and that meant that for maybe a week Victor would have to stay at the cabin. But even that wasn't such a bad outlook. Victor smiled at the thought of it. So did the blue-eyed wife. If Victor couldn't leave the cabin, neither could the Simpleton return to it.

But they had both forgotten the dogs. The big huskies could do things that men couldn't do—and they did.

When the storm broke the Simpleton figured that it would be easier to get back to his cabin than to mush on to Forty Mile. He turned his dogs around, climbed into his sled, wrapped himself tight in his parka, and the huskies took him as straight to his home as if it had been on the railroad.

When the Simpleton opened his door and walked in he found his wife and Victor eating supper. They jumped to their feet, and when the Simpleton looked into their eyes he saw everything that we had guessed at. But, being a simpleton, he said nothing except: "You must have been caught in the storm, Victor, and come in for shelter. You are welcome to stay until it's over. It may last a week."

Victor mumbled something, and the wife stood paralyzed. The Simpleton had read what was in her eyes, but she couldn't read his. There was a look in them such as she had never seen before in the eyes of any man. She didn't know what it meant, but it was terrible; she seemed to freeze under it, and yet her husband said nothing.

Within the cabin the three people ate their supper, and without, in their shed, the dogs howled for theirs. The next day and the day following, and then three more, until five had passed, were all alike in their ghastliness.

Outside the dogs howled for food

THE trio in the cabin ate and drank and slept, looked at one another and said little. Outside the dogs howled for food, and the little Simpleton, who couldn't subdue his wife, would go out and club the brutes into silence. Several times a day the huskies would start a fight, and he would separate them. He was bitten more than once, but he didn't mind that. The morning of the sixth day was calm; the snow had stopped falling and the surface was frozen hard. Victor prepared to depart. There was nothing to say. He growled out some words of thanks to his hosts and was gone.

For a moment or two the Simpleton and his wife watched through the window. They saw Victor's tall form gliding rapidly over the snow. When he was about half a mile away, the Simpleton turned quickly and left the cabin.

A moment later the wife heard the dogs snarling and snapping; then came some long-drawn, wolfish howls and as a dozen gray, gaunt bodies streaked past the window and took the trail she fainted.

When she came to, the Simpleton was sitting by the fire smoking his pipe. The light she had feared was gone from his eyes and he said, "The pups hadn't had nothin' to eat for four days."

She fainted again, and when she again awoke he said, this time with a note of tenderness in his voice: "I forgive you, girl. You've just been a fool."

He wasn't such a simpleton, after all.

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The Malabar Pearl

Home ties and a famous jewel swing Anabel to the brink of tragedy

Anabel gave him a bright nod. Mr. Weeker smiled vaguely, then composed his features and walked on

BEYOND the crowded shipping within the breakwater the city of Colombo lay against the mountains of Ceylon like an emerald among amethysts. Anchor chains clanked up forward, and the Sargasso swung at rest, her decks lined with white-clad world tourists. Port officers climbed aboard. Passenger tenders nosed in among the crowding cargo boats. Brown-skinned natives dived for coins. Then the first of the shore parties descended the outslung gangway; bound for Kandy and the more ancient mountain capitals, or on to Madras, Calcutta and the Taj Mahal.

Anabel Cayne, from her deck chair, idly watched them go. Then Gertie Hubbard pounced upon her. Gertie was fifteen or sixteen, pert and pretty.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Gertie! What are you doing here?"

The girl flopped into the next chair. "I'm staying with you. Told the wespected pawents (she couldn't pronounce her r's) you were going to look out for me."

"You told . . ."

"Sure. They've gone. What of it? They don't care what I do."

"And you expect me to be responsible?" An eavesdropper would have found humor in this remark; for Anabel was smaller than Gertie, was quite as scantily dressed, wore her hair in a provocative bob, and didn't look five years older.

"Oh, you don't have to do anything."

"What are you up to, Gertie?"

"I'm not up to anything." Her voice rose somewhat. "Why shouldn't I stick awound Colombo? Gosh, I've seen wuins enough. . . ."

A deck steward handed her a note. She tore it open. Then, paling, she sank back in her chair, looking like a crushed child.

Anabel regarded her. Again she asked, more crisply, "What *are* you up to?"

"Oh, well, I s'pose you may as well know now. It's Jimmy. Jimmy Balger. He's gone."

"Hmm!" Anabel felt fifty, a severe fifty. "So that's it. He was staying behind too."

"Yes, but you needn't think a lot of things. We were just going to play awound. I guess I know how to take care of myself." She had been near tears at the first shock, but now surrendered to indignation: "Poor fish! Told me he could manage it. And now he says his father wouldn't let him. Going all the way thwough India. Leaving me flat. Hmp! If you want to know what I think of that flaming youth I'll just tell the angwy world he's a washout."

The tender moved steadily in through the shipping and the swarming native craft toward the landing.

"You know, I can't make you out at all." Thus the outspoken Gertie. "You set up to be so pwoper . . ."

"Do I?" mused Anabel.

". . . but I've seen a few things. You weren't like this when you came aboard at New York."

"Wasn't I?"

"Oh, you needn't be sly. I saw. You wore funny clothes and your hair was long. You looked like a school teacher. Victowian. Had your hair cut at Panama. And then you cwashed out in pwetty clothes. Twaveling alone, too. Where do you live?"

"In a quaint little old village. Coventry, Mass. I suppose I was quaint, too."

"You were quaint, all wight. Until you changed. That was talked about, on the ship."

"Was it?"

"Sure. What'll your old fwiends think when you go back, looking like this?"

"I'm not going back."

"Oh, you're not? Say, you asked what I was up to. Sometimes I've felt like asking what you're up to."

ANABEL fell silent, thinking of the settled, comfortable New England village where something like the spirit of caste had lingered on into a more crudely democratic day. There she'd been simply little Miss Cayne, who worked in the public library. There was a stabbing, poignant quality in the memories that came in a sudden uprush. Of Miss Edmunds, her faded, meticulous chief. (In time she'd have grown into just another Miss Edmunds.) Of the bewildered but excited ladies who wrote papers for the Women's Club. Of the children who couldn't keep quiet. She had loved the children. And of Mr. Weeker, who had once, out in the musty bookstall, tried shamefacedly to hold her hand. She'd been angry about that for months. The furtiveness of it. For all Mr. Weeker cared she might have been a servant or a shop girl. He was rich, and a bachelor, with a dragon of a Puritan mother. The Weeker place, on the hill, dominated Coventry.

"I've wondered why you don't get mawwied."

Anabel started.

"I wish I could get some wich old boy cwazy over me."

"Why?"

"Vamp him into mawwying me, of course."

"But why an old boy?"

"The young ones haven't got money enough. You have to have money."

"But if you were tied up to an old man. . . ."

"Do you think for a minute I'd stay tied? No fear! I'd shake him down for some good alimony."

"Then what?"

"You know well enough. Go to Hollywood. Cwash into the movies. You stopped me once, when evewything was going my way. But next time I'll go thwough."

A native newsboy came through the boat. Anabel bought a copy of the Ceylon Observer.

"Looks just like an English paper," remarked Gertie, contemptuously, as together they glanced over the decorous headlines.

"The Malabar Pearl's been stolen," said Anabel.

"What's the Malabar Pearl?"

"Haven't you read your guidebook?"

"Shucks, no! Histowy? Not if I see it first."

"It's a marvelous pear-shaped pearl

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By SAMUEL MERWIN

that was in the museum at Kandy. The top ornament in the crown of one of the early kings of Kandy."

"Making a lot of fuss about it, I'll say."

"Naturally. It's priceless."

"Begins to seem like home. Jewel wobbewies. Hmp! . . . Oh, look!"

"Where?"

"That big liner coming in awound the bweakwater!"

"Must be the Campobello."

"What's that?"

"Oh, the other big cruise. They're going around the world the other way. The Chief Officer said we might meet her here. Didn't you know?"

But Gertie didn't know much of anything.

THEY rode through the Cinnamon Gardens in a rickshaw. Pleasant bungalows with ventilated roofs slumbered in the shade of monsoon-twisted palms. Well-kept hedges flamed with scarlet hibiscus. The brown skin of their runner glistened as he jogged steadily between the hand-shafts. He was a strong yet oddly effeminate skirted creature with his black hair done up in a knot behind and ornamented with a comb of tortoise shell.

"Oh, look!" cried Gertie.

A light-brown man in white skirt and turban was running toward them down the avenue, pursued by a similar figure with a long knife in his hand. The rickshaw runner stopped abruptly, in evident fright. Gertie ordered him on, but he merely stood, trembling for a brief moment, then dropped the shafts —so suddenly that the two girls were nearly pitched out on their noses—and ran around behind the vehicle. Gertie indignantly followed him, catching at his sleeve. Anabel covered her eyes.

The fugitive swerved in behind the rickshaw. His eyes were wild, his breath gone. Thrusting, without a word, a small object into Gertie's unresisting hand, he turned back toward his pursuer, falling on his knees, and chattering in a frenzy. The rickshaw man was crawling under a hedge. Gertie looked about, to note that Anabel had gotten down and was hurrying unsteadily into a private garden.

The pursuer gave no heed to the protestations of the kneeling native, but struck home with his knife. Struck again and again.

Gertie quickly followed Anabel; found her, white as death, clinging to a tree. She opened her hand then and looked at the object that had come so unexpectedly into her possession. It proved to be the biggest pearl she had ever seen, so big that it quite filled her palm. In form it was between a small pear and a large olive. In color it was a pure silver white, of a luster so perfect that her amazed eyes seemed to plumb immeasurable depths. There was no setting, but a drill-like hole running all the way through on the long axis bore more precise witness to its age than Gertie would ever know.

She turned it slowly over in her hand. First her breath had all but stopped; now she felt like squealing and jumping madly up and down. But she did neither; merely glanced at Anabel, who was still too upset to know what was going on. She hadn't seen. And out in the road (through the hedge Gertie glimpsed this) that fugitive Singhalese lay inert in a widening pool of blood, while his slayer, squatting beside the body, tore off the turban and searched it with lightning fingers.

But suddenly he stopped, listening intently; then, without a sound, ran away. A moment later two Malay policemen came scorching down the road on bicycles. Gertie considered. Regarding the body out there, she murmured, "Far as I can see, Old Thing, you're just out o' luck." She dropped the pearl into her purse, and snapping it shut there turned to Anabel.

"Come along," she said. "Thing for us to do is to wun. Before any more people get murdered."

"We'd better get back to the hotel," said Anabel. "I'm a wreck."

"And we'd better keep our heads shut," remarked Gertie, who was jumpy and inclined to hum jazz tunes. "S'pose it happened to be important. They might take us wight off the ship. Hold us as witnesses. Months, maybe." She chuckled, abruptly, excitedly. "Wouldn't the wespected pawents love that!"

"For all we know it might be mixed up with the pearl robbery," mused Anabel, wanly.

They sat in the hotel lounge. Anabel was still white; while Gertie, flushed and queerly bright of eye, hummed a Charleston tune, marking out the rhythm with a twisting foot. That other flock of tourists from the Campobello were crowding into the hotel; the women in summery frocks, the men all in white duck and topees.

"WELL, of all things!" said Anabel.

"What? What is it?" whispered the jumpy Gertie. Her gaze found and followed that of the amazed Anabel. She saw a large, rather handsome man with an elderly woman on his arm.

"Oh, nothing," said Anabel. "Just people from home. No reason why they shouldn't be here. They're rich enough to go round all the worlds there are. Name of [demurely, this] Weeker."

"Wich, are they?"

"Heavens, yes! Old inherited money. They keep it, too."

"That's too bad." Gertie's foot was twisting. "Is the old girl his wife?"

"No, mother. The gossip of Coventry is that she'd never let him marry."

"Hmp! He's looking this way. Here they come."

Anabel chuckled softly. "He can't make me out."

"You know him, then?"

"Casually. He used to come into the library."

Slowly the stalwart man and the small wrinkled (*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by CHARLES LASSELL

"If we sit wight here," said Gertie, "maybe he'll come back. He was th'owing a wicked look"

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Ain't It Grand?

WELL, sometimes love is and sometimes it isn't grand. Here are pictures that work both ways. If you're in love they are wonderful. If you're an old crab nothing would please you anyway.

Universal

At the left: Wouldn't you know that the nasty-faced little brat in the sleeping-bag would snoop along to bust up a stairway tête-à-tête between crinoline and kiltie? However, the old gentleman looks as though he hasn't forgotten he was young himself once, and perhaps it all ends happily. Remember, Elaine, it's a movie

At the right: There is no less ardor about this Romeo and Juliet bit by Ricardo Cortez and Marilyn Lane just because it's only a part of a production billed as "The Cat's Pajamas"

Universal

The important party of the second part isn't visible, but even if the ecstatic expression on Edward Horton's face didn't give him away one look at the impish visage of the office boy would prove that there's a woman on the other end of the line

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Parting, even for a few hours, is no joke when one loves. And you can't blame John Gilbert, above, for lingering over it nor for making sickly google-eyes—when you consider that it's from the winsome Lillian Gish that he's tearing himself away

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

At the right: Well, well, they do say that one is never too old to plunge into matrimony. But the years may bring caution—certainly the kittenish lady's boy friend looks a bit worried and a little doubtful as to whether he hadn't better just forget about his hat—and run while there yet is time

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Warner Bros.

Did you guess wrong? It's neither Romeo nor Juliet. "Don Juan" Barrymore is bent on "the long, long kiss, the kiss of youth and love," as the amorous original Don so lingeringly had it

Fox

Fighting is one thing and making love is another—although the wall between, alas, isn't always very strong. For those skeptics who hold that a soldier can't be demonstrative we will allow the class seven minutes to study the technique in "What Price Glory?"

Universal

At the left: Love may be grand, but at times it can be so frightfully complicated too. For instance, when Laura La Plante, replying to the honest offer of the dapper gentleman's hand and steam yacht, reminds him that they haven't even been introduced

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Below: Love was no dilly-dallying wishy-washy passion in the days when wedding announcements were engraved with clubs. If weight counts for anything, we fear the hairy-faced bozo wearing the anachronistic, but doubtless necessary, safety pin, is going to win

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

At the right: It won't even be remembered by this time to-morrow, but just at the moment it looks like a serious break between me 'n' the boy friend. You can't, as some poet has put it, love a maid without heaps o' worrying—whether you be middle-aged or in your teens or just a puppy lover

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They call it Love

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

"Kiss me, then," she sighed, and cuddled, anything but ill-content

The Story Thus Far:

FAY LASCELLES and her brother, Beauregard, are living uptown in New York with their mother. Fay is artist for a fashion magazine and Beau is secretary to Carl Lander.

With Mrs. Neale, her superior in the office, Fay goes to a party in Paul Manquist's apartment, given by Manny Reseda, her employer.

Waiting for Mrs. Neale in the lobby of a hotel Fay mistakes Don Gerould, one of New York's fashionables, for a friend of Mrs. Neale's and thereafter Don attaches himself to the party. He shows her marked attention. She discovers that he is engaged to Letty Delavan of New York, which makes her think that he is trifling with her though he does save her, as the party grows wild, from unwelcome advances from Reseda.

Next day marks the beginning of a friendship with Lona Schell, a beautiful girl of questionable character whom Fay met at the party. Fay thinks she is perfect and resents having her brother warn her that she is not the sort for her to play around with. Lona rents an apartment from Carl Lander, who claims to be subletting it for a friend of his.

In the meantime Don Gerould is having his troubles. The day after the party he finds his mother in a terrible state because his older brother, Duke, has been found out in an affair with the younger children's governess. Mrs. Gerould thinks the only way to keep Duke from marrying this "baggage" is for him to be convinced that the resulting publicity would probably mean a broken engagement for Don.

Don, with a feeling of guilt, realizes that this might be a way out for him—with his engagement broken he could turn his attentions toward Fay. At any rate he promises to do his best with Duke.

With some plan in his head he goes to Duke and confesses to him that he and Letty do not hit it off any too well and that he is in love with someone else. Duke thinks he is just trying to get him interested in his affairs so that he can work for an opportunity to do something about Duke's affair with the governess.

However, he agrees to go to tea with Don and Fay and Lona that afternoon and to salve his conscience Don makes an engagement for the evening with Letty.

Just as he enters the hotel to keep his tea engagement he sees Letty in the distance. She sees him and flashes him a quizzical smile.

"AT LAST!" (The women of Middle Europe, easily the first politicians of the pragmatical sex, are born into this wicked world alive to one thing which ours have never bothered their tone-deaf dear heads to learn, that a seductive speaking voice is a prime asset in the business of being a well-kept woman. But Maria Valeria, who well knew Duke had fallen in thrall to her voice first of all, and was ordinarily alert lest the essential acidity of her type curdle its coos, was too angry now to profit by the look which answered her welcome. With an honest little shudder of aversion for the cloying aroma of his kiss, she shook free of Duke's clasp, and went right on scolding.)

"You know what to-day has been for me, the disgrace, the humiliation, the mad anxiety! And you let me wait here hour after hour without one word! I think that is a cold heart you have, my friend."

She was none the less quick to wait on him, put away his hat and umbrella, help the man shed his topcoat, and steer him into the easiest chair.

"Dare say," he with perfect phlegm replied. "Did telephone around noon, you know. They said you were registered all right, but had gone out again. Told them to tell you I'd be round for dinner. And it's just seven."

"I got that message." The Viennese threw herself down to sulk on a sofa: a well-made creature, if a shade on the heavy side, she looked her carnal best reclining. "But what is a scrawl in a strange hand to a woman all one big ache for her lover's voice? It is since ten this morning I am put out on the sidewalk like a kitchenmaid caught thieving; it is nine mortal hours you have kept me in suspense! Do you think that is nothing to a woman in my state of mind?"

"Can't say I quite see where the suspense came in." Duke took time to review the sitting-room of the suite and what else was revealed by the open door to the bedchamber adjoining. "We both knew this was bound to break out some day. You couldn't carry on in that high-handed way of yours, making enemies of every servant in the house—I warned you often enough—and hope none of 'em would ever slip my sainted mother the tip. We not only knew it was sure to happen; we settled long ago what you were to do when it did. And here you are, snug as you please. So what's the good of acting as if I'd left you in the lurch, when I turn up on the tick? You weren't so upset you couldn't go out shopping—"

"For you!" A flirt of one plump arm singled out the box at Duke's elbow, a fresh box of the cigars that were his special preference. "I make myself go out to buy those, no matter what I am suffering, so you may feel at home when you come. Me, I am thinking of you always, but you are thinking of me only when you have nothing else to amuse yourself with."

"MUCH obliged, 'm sure." Duke ran one of the cigars beneath an educated nose and was relieved to find that the tobacconist had practiced no fraud on a poor, ignorant woman. "Didn't think to lay in some whisky, too, did you?"

"Ah!" Maria Valeria with a throaty laugh found her feet in one bound. "That shows how much you care for me! And where is one to buy whisky for you, please, in this land of hypocrites? Am I a woman to keep a calling list of—how you say—bootleggers?"

"Might do worse. It's a useful habit. My fault, though—forgot to tell you. Just as well off, at that, shouldn't wonder, with my liver and all; had a bit over my allowance to-day already."

"That knows itself. Do you suppose one needs to be told how you have been occupying yourself? This other girl, I suppose, keeps whisky on hand for you!"

"Hello!" Duke uncrossed his knees. "What are you talking about? What other girl?"

"The one who left this on your shoulder." The woman swooped to pluck off that bit of damning evidence. Caught between offended fingers, it was held away as it might have been something indecent and malodorous. "That is never mine; do not waste your time trying to deceive me. My hair is pure gold; that is pure henna!"

"Don't believe it is, if you ask me. Not that I care. Must have come from the head of the pretty lady I was dancing with at tea time."

"Dancing! Oh, my God!"

"Nice little piece too," Duke coolly pursued. "You'd like her."

"You will take good care I never get a chance to scratch her eyes out!"

"If that's your idea, bet your life I will."

"A girl you go to dances with, on this day of all days, leaving me to worry myself ill!"

"Not you; never looked healthier or half so handsome. Anyway, I couldn't get out of this tea party; Don let me in for it; wanted me to meet another

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Life grows more gay and delightful for the little Southern girl. Are there pitfalls ahead of her? It begins to look that way

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

"Oh, a man! Why didn't you tell me it was going to be a party!"

little bit he's taken a fancy to. She brought this friend along to fill out the foursome. Couldn't very well help asking both of them to dance!"

"What is this you are telling me?" Maria Valeria stood over Duke with a scornful mouth. "As if I did not know Don is affianced! He is not like you, Duke, or your father."

"Good news for Don; mustn't forget to tell the boy. Thought you understood it was all a marriage of convenience Mother had framed up for him."

"They are not in love?" The Viennese made a face of amaze and disappointment. "I thought you managed these things better in America."

"Can't say about Letty Delavan. Women fall for Don by droves; no reason I know why Letty should be an exception. But if you want to know what I think, Don's all gone over this little Southern girl—Lascelles is her name, Fay Lascelles. Pity too."

"A pity to be truly in love? You would say that—and think it too! And why a pity? Is she a bad girl?"

"Not yet; that's if I'm any judge. But she's in bad company with this Lona Schell, the one who shed that hair."

"How do you know?"

"Not precisely an innocent," Duke pointed out; "and the account Lona gives of herself smells sort of fishy to me. She's Miss Nobody from the Middle West, come down to cases, and pretends she's here to study for the stage, but she doesn't seem to be in any sweat about getting started, and she's going round with that rapt, surprised look they wear when they find themselves being loved by more hard money than they ever knew there was."

"YOU are a cynic, Duke; you have charity for nobody." A wave of self-consciousness washed over and obliterated the trumped-up grievance, and, in genuine interest excited by this reference to another in much the same plight, Maria Valeria perched on the arm of Duke's chair and warmly dimpled on him. "What makes you sure her lover is rich?"

"Putting two and two together. Shouldn't wonder if I know the fellow. Name's Lander, Carl Lander; made a million or so during the war as a grain operator out West. Came to New York a while ago to set up a branch office—needs a branch here about as much as I do a third leg—and rented a bachelor flat in the same building with a friend of mine. Now, it seems, he's sublet to this Lona Schell."

"He is married, your Lander?"

"Of course. Wife's been on the other side for some years, but now she's back, and they're at the Ritz and fixing up a permanent home on Park Avenue."

"Is that not reason enough why Lander should wish to be rid of his other establishment?"

"All the reason in the world why he should want to keep it—unless he 'rents' it to his particular little fancy."

"What a country!" Maria Valeria made eyes of merry horror. "You complain of prohibition, and nowhere have I seen so much drinking! You complain of a housing shortage, and every married man must have his bachelor flat!"

"That's a fact."

"And what will you do about Don and his little Miss Lascelles?"

"Tell him what I think if he asks for it. Otherwise, mind my own knitting; he's minding his."

"You were with him this afternoon and he said nothing?"

"Not a word about us, except indirectly; said he was for me through thick and thin. Don would be; too decent to be pure-bred Gerould. Often wonder how he happened in our family midst."

"You talk like that about yourself, and expect me to be happy?"

"Ought to be, don't you think? You know this is much the best way for us. Nothing underhand now, no more dodging round corners for a kiss—"

"I am to be happy now—are you telling me—when everybody knows about us?"

"Everybody doesn't, to begin with, and—"

"Everybody here does. You deliberately send me to the hotel of some man you know—I have no doubt he has arranged such small matters for you before. He would be a fool if he did not understand how it is with us, and men who manage hotels are not fools—no! Even in this country, where the men are all children, hotel keepers are not fools. And what he knows every one of his staff will know."

"Well," Duke indifferently prompted, "what of it?"

"That is how much you care for my good name. It means more to me."

"YOUR reputation isn't going to suffer such an awful lot. Minute we're married, nobody will dare remember. . . ."

"What a great silly you would think me, my friend, if I believed that." Maria gave an acrid laugh and all at once delivered herself, a fine bundle of frail blond petulance, to Duke's arms and knees. "That 'minute we get married'—I shall grow gray waiting for that."

"Not you," Duke stolidly returned. "Have a little patience."

"Kiss me, then." She sighed and cuddled, anything but ill-content, au fond, with his response, but constitutionally unable to rest from nagging. "What are we waiting for? I should like to know! I am lonely, Duke; I have no more a home; I have no friends; in all the world nobody but you. And you have nothing to tell me except 'Be patient'!"

"Can't help that. If we married to-morrow, the Old Boy'd cut me off without a bean: my nobler mother would bully him till he did. But it won't be long now before I get control of my own money and can do as I please."

"Meanwhile you will grow tired, your mother will get hold of you and talk you into forsaking me. I am a dunce to listen to your promises."

"Will be if you won't," Duke was fair enough to advise for Maria's own good. "You're just making up bogeys to frighten yourself and bore me with. Nobody ever yet talked me out of anything I'd made up my mind to; nobody ever will. You can't seem to grasp the fact that between you and me, Maria, there's only one thing really matters."

"What is that?"

Sleek anticipation made those exotic accents musical again. And his father's son shifted the armful she made to a more wieldy hold and found a kind smile for that inane fairness which burned so fondly on his shoulder. The wistful adoration of those eyes plainly advertised that here was one who simply couldn't live denied the sunshine of his favor, and collaborated with the alcohol in Duke to distill a sense of power, very pleasant to savor, but heady. And, perceiving that his had been no empty boast—he was master of his fate indeed and captain of his soul—Duke freed a hand to give one end of those smug mustaches a cocky twist and added a liberal new infusion of indulgence to his regard.

With a simplicity that, say what you would, was princely, he pronounced:

"You suit me."

Resign the security he enjoyed in this possession for the chancy rewards of yet another chase, even with such a rare prize in prospect as this Lona Schell, whom Don was too transparently nominating?

No fear!

"NO FEAR!" That echo of the unspoken left crisp lips a mile distant from the bosom in whose arcana the thought had formed.

"I'd have to be pretty hard up," Lona went on in rebuttal of the innuendo which playful malice had uttered, "before I'd throw time away on that dead loss. If that's a New York society man, all I've got to say is, give me a village cake-eater; it'll be more than fair with me."

"I thought he was rather nice," Fay demurred—"in his way; nothing like Don, of course—you wouldn't ever think they were brothers, would you? But reserved and, well, interesting; not much like most of the men one meets up North here."

"Little sunshine! Always find the silver lining, don't you?"

In all the pride of a brand-new robe de style Lona pirouetted as a mannequin might—indeed as the mannequin had whose art had sold her the robe that morning—before the long mirror to which she had resorted immediately on coming home. For those were the days when every novel trick and grace was promptly appropriated, to be given a conscientious try-out and dropped or adopted.

Not that the brain behind the eyes that doted on her was so critical.

"What do you think he found to trill about all the while we were dancing?" she pursued. "His digestion! I bet the girl he marries leads a gay life, listening to his diet. Whatever put it into your poor head that Don imagined I'd take Duke as a handsome gift from him?"

"He was so insistent about my bringing you along if I possibly could, this afternoon, when he called up to invite me to tea."

"And you (*Continued on page 36*)

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By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

The inspector from Scotland Yard finds clues of all sorts but where do they lead?

Illustrated by JAMES TREMBATH

"This affair is mine as well as yours, Frankie," she told him. "I'm going to show you that I meant what I said"

The Heart of Alix

The Story Thus Far:

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is staying with her husband's aunt and uncle, Sir Harry Fubsy and Lady Fubsy, at Node, their estate. Frankie Barleston, Alix's husband, is a worthless drunkard in the power of a man named Stanismore, who holds notes for most of his debts.

The other guests at Node are Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister Isobel, known as Freckles; Gerry Leese, a young American in love with Freckles; and Ronnie Dene, in love with Alix.

Stanismore comes secretly to Node to woo Alix, promising to take care of Frankie if she will come to him. They meet in the tower room and Alix spurns him.

About midnight she is surprised in her room by a visit from Ronnie, who is worried about her. Just as he goes Frankie comes in. Alix and Frankie have not been living together for years but when he comes into her room he looks so desperate that she listens to him and he tells her something that makes her allow him to stay in her room that night.

Next evening the dead body of Stanismore is found on the beach. Next day the investigation is begun and Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard is called in. The watch of Stanismore's yacht is being held on suspicion. Each member of the Node household seems to have a perfect alibi though Alix knows that Frankie's is false. He swears that he was in bed the night of the murder by ten o'clock and Alix, feeling that he is guilty but that she must stand by him now in trouble, upholds his statement.

Manderton has locked the tower room after finding several clues there about which he keeps silent.

That evening Freckles happens into Alix's room unannounced and finds her almost in a state of collapse. Freckles tries to get the truth from her but Alix insists that she is overwrought by the presence of the detective and the horror of the crime. Freckles, however, insists that she knows Ronnie's alibi is not true as she saw him standing outside Alix's door at midnight the night of the murder and he has sworn that he didn't leave his room after ten o'clock. Alix finally convinces her that Ronnie wasn't in her room and that Frankie was.

Alix, fearfully wrought up, seeks Ronnie out after dinner and begs him to go away. She loves him too much to have him implicated in this crime and he distrusts her for not telling him the truth and refuses to leave.

At the end of their talk they notice detectives hovering in the shrubbery and Vrogue comes upon them telling them in a gleeful and very odd manner that Node is completely under surveillance, that it has an Eye in Attendance.

ELSIE TWIG was ironing in the little parlor behind the tap when she heard her uncle's heavy tread in the passage outside. She put down her iron on its stand and listened.

"Humph!" she said to herself. "Sounds discouraged like. . . ."

She opened the door. "My," she exclaimed, "I didn't expect you so soon! Dan's not back yet. I'd best see about getting supper."

Mr. Manderton came slowly into the parlor and sat down by the table.

"I can't stop now," he told her. "Is Nolling here?"

"I haven't seen him," she declared.

"He'll be here any minute," rejoined the inspector. "Half past seven, I told him. We're going out to the Anthea together."

His wonted air of tranquil good humor had vanished. His eyes were hard, and his mouth, under the strong, bristling mustache, was an uncompromising straight line. Elsie Twig recognized the symptoms. It was always like this in the early stages of a case when things were not going well. It was as though his mind were congealed and reluctant to get going, like Dan's Ford on a frosty morning.

WITHOUT comment she went out into the bar and drew a tankard of ale. She set it down silently before the inspector and then fetched Dan's tobacco jar from the mantelpiece. Mr. Manderton watched her trim figure in the neat pink print flitting about the room, and his eye softened. When she stood over him with extended hand he passed over his old black pipe in quite a lamblike manner. She filled it and held a match for him while he lit up.

"Well, and how are things going?" she demanded, perching herself on the table at his side. Her uncle set down the pewter and wiped his mustache on his large red handkerchief.

"Rotten," was the blunt answer. "The first day of investigation is always the worst. . . ."

"They've had to release Newcome, I hear," observed his niece.

Mr. Manderton grunted. "This case is out of Newcome's class," he said. "I was never in much doubt about that. The consul at Monte Carlo has got in touch with Kenyon, the bloke that Newcome claims to have spent Friday night with, and Kenyon fully support's Newcome's alibi. Humph!" He grunted again.

"And what (*Continued on page 26*)

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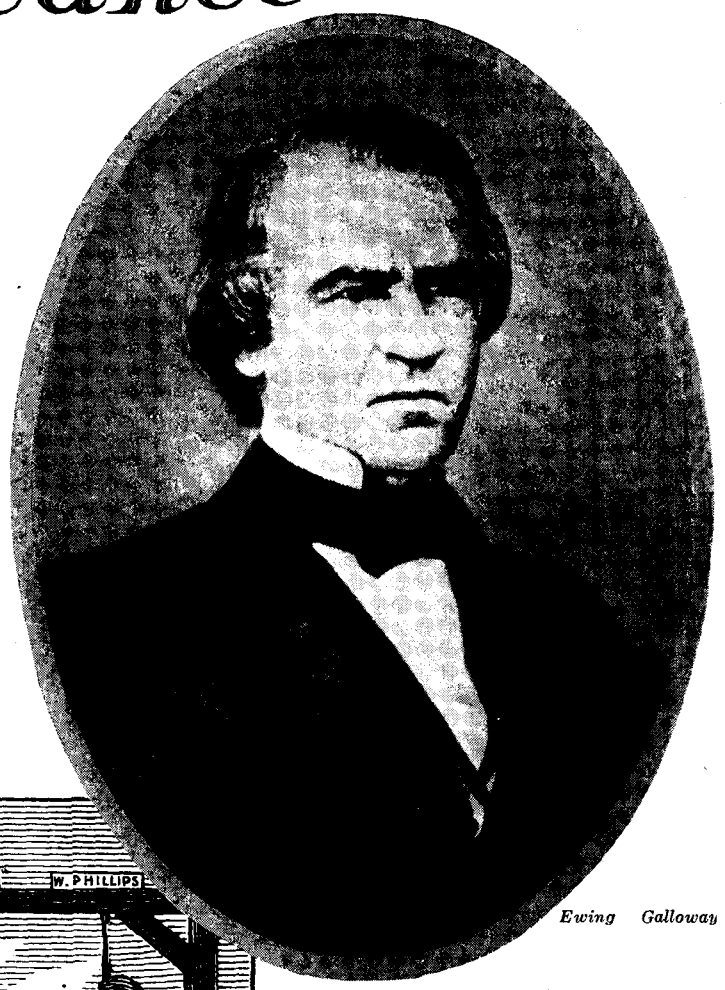
The Tailor's Vengeance

By GEORGE CREEL

WHEN the flames of civil war swept over our nation, of the twenty-two Southern senators in Washington one alone—a fiery Tennesseean—remained loyal to the Union.

That man—who began life as an illiterate tailor, fought his way to the Presidential chair, and is remembered to-day as our only Chief Executive who has stood trial by impeachment—is the stormy figure of this narrative.

A strange, bitter, implacable man, Andrew Johnson—but one of rare courage. The South, regarding him as a traitor, loathed him. Even the North, to whose leaders he fearlessly gave battle, learned to hate him. His story, culminating in one of the most dramatic trials in American history, is one of Mr. Creel's brilliant series on notable figures of our country's colorful past.



Ewing Galloway

Andrew Johnson: "By the Eternal, I'll fight them to the death"

("HANG JEFF DAVIS!") "THEN I WOULD ASK YOU WHY NOT HANG THAD STEVENS AND WENDELL PHILLIPS?" (*Albert Davis Collection*)

By Thos. Nast. Cartoon and caption reprinted from Harper's Weekly, October 27, 1866

TO RISE from a tailor's bench to the Presidency of the United States; in the hour of pride and triumph to feel suddenly the clutch of ruin; for dreadful weeks to hang above a pit of shame and black disgrace—such swift and malignant alternations of fortune might well have crushed the strongest. Yet seven years from the time he left the White House, as much discredited as though the High Court of Impeachment had found him guilty, Andrew Johnson stood in the Senate, a duly elected member, fronting his ancient enemies with unbowed crest. The hand of death was on him, his Indian face gray with a mortal malady, but by sheer force of will he held to his bitter purpose, only crumpling when his venom had spent itself.

Indomitable man! Unhappy, lonely man, walking the world from birth to death with only his hates to keep him company. Born sordidly, apprenticed to a tailor before he had the chance to get one single day of schooling, during the whole of his youth he looked at life through the prison bars of ignorance and poverty.

He knew himself to have ability, and a fierce determination to succeed marked him from the first, but his ambition was not more passionate than his curdling envies. Sitting cross-legged, doggedly teaching himself to read as he cut and sewed, he flamed with rage against the slim, graceful patricians that passed his shop, cursing them as "aristocrats," blaming them for his misery, and aching for the day when he might drag them down and make them suffer what he had suffered.

The One Loyal Senator

IN 1826, at the age of eighteen, he married an educated woman who taught him writing and arithmetic at night, and the same year saw him taking an interest in politics.

East Tennessee was the "poor white" section of the state, and the people, delighting in his furious harangues, made him alderman, mayor, member of the legislature, and congressman in rapid succession. An effective orator after the model of the French Revolutionists, speaking as Danton, Marat and Saint-Just must have spoken, his fame spread as a "champion of the downtrodden masses," and his savage demagoguery amply deserved Isham Harris' sneer, "If Johnson were a snake, he would lie in the grass and bite the heels of rich men's children."

On and on swept the triumphant tailor, trampling the gentry beneath his feet, and after two terms as governor he proved his political control of the state by winning election to the Senate.

His talents, however, were not fitted for the national arena, and he was cutting a very poor senatorial figure when the war came to give him a unique and spectacular chance for glory.

Like Lincoln, that other son of poverty, Johnson had an almost mystical love for the Union, and he cried out against secession with all the strength of his passionate soul. Back to Tennessee he raced at the risk of his life, and when an overwhelming Southern sentiment carried his state into the Confederacy he returned to Washington and grimly held his seat, the only one of twenty-two senators to reject the call of the South.

Patriotism, his one pure and unselfish emotion, washed the dark soul clean of its sullen angers for a while, and in several speeches he came close to greatness. Arguing powerfully that the war was waged to preserve the Union, and not against any section or institution, he held the border states to loyalty and gave Lincoln a unified public support that had been lacking.

In March of 1862, when Grant's victories had compelled the evacuation of Nashville, and part of Tennessee was free from Confederate control, Lincoln sent for Johnson and asked him to take the military governorship of the state. It was a post of hardship and extreme danger, for not only was assassination to be feared but a turn in the fortunes of war might well throw Johnson into the power of those that despised him as a traitor.

His bull neck arched, his granite jaw protruded, the new governor entered Tennessee on the winds of wrath. Disdaining the conciliatory policy that was urged, he filled the jails with Southern sympathizers, suppressed every paper that did not fawn, and even exiled ministers of the gospel, cursing them for hypocrites that wore "the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

Friend felt the iron of his imperious will as well as foe. When General Buell refused to join in his savage persecutions, he accused him of cowardice and Southern leanings, and hounded him out of his command.

Lincoln's amnesty proclamation disgusted him as an exhibition of weakness, and with characteristic arrogance he brushed it aside as far as Tennessee was concerned. Increasingly lonely, for even loyal Unionists were repelled by his savagery, he went his grim way without faltering, admirable only in his courage.

When the Confederates came close to Nashville, and timid souls urged evacuation, Johnson ordered resistance until the last man should fall, saying, "Anyone who talks of surrender I will shoot."

Hymns of Hate

SUCH stories as these, traveling north, made him a popular hero, and, together with Lincoln's friendship and the Republican desire to gain the votes of the War Democrats and to flatter the border states that had remained loyal to the Union, gained him the Republican nomination for the Vice Presidency in 1864.

Drunk, from stimulants used following illness, on the day of his inauguration, his maudlin speech disgusted and appalled, but the painful impression was quickly wiped out, for not even Thaddeus Stevens was more of an adept at hymns of hate. No sooner had Richmond fallen than he was crying, "The halter for influential traitors; hang the leaders!" And he stood with Sumner in denouncing Lincoln's policy of mercy as a criminal blunder.

They loved Johnson then—Wade, Sumner, Stevens and the rest of the radicals—and when he took the oath after the President's death this group ran to him as though he were a savior, Ben Wade shouting, "Johnson, we have faith in *you*. By the gods, there will be no trouble *now* in running the government."

By word and deed he confirmed them in their enthusiasm. Day after day he screamed vengeance against the pros-

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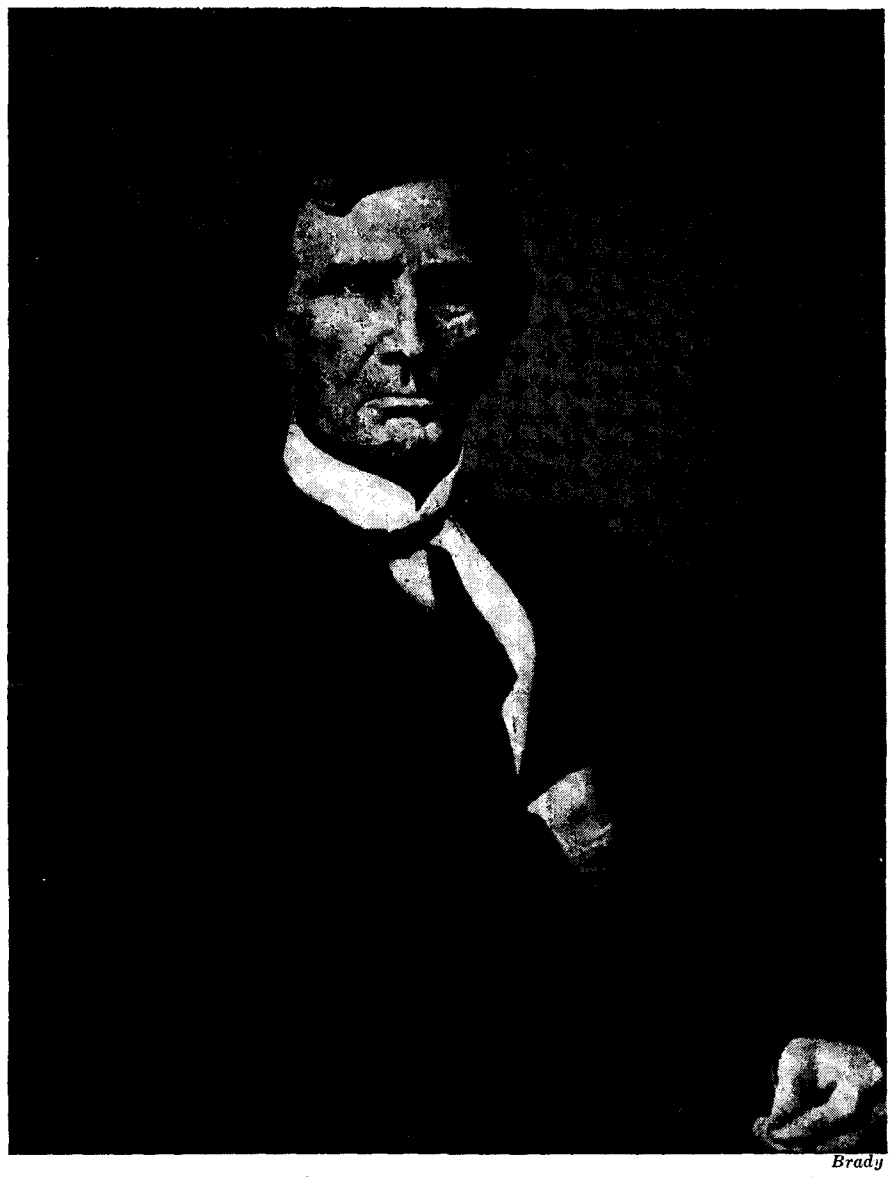

Brady

Thaddeus Stevens, Carpetbagger General, Johnson's dearest foe

trate South, repeating his stock phrases: "Treason is a crime and must be punished;" "Treason must be made odious;" "What may be mercy to the individual is cruelty to the state."

Raging and Full of Fight

INDECENTLY, dishonestly, he tried to prove that Jefferson Davis had "incited, concerted and procured" the assassination of Lincoln, offered $100,000 reward for his capture, and had him treated as a common criminal after arrest. In open defiance of the terms of surrender, he sought to have Lee and his generals indicted for treason, and Grant's threat of resignation was the one thing that held him back.

Lincoln's two amnesty proclamations were rudely set aside and, issuing one of his own, Johnson excluded fourteen specified classes. In these classes were all agents and officials of the Confederate Government, all army officers above the rank of colonel, and "all persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion the estimated value of whose taxable property is over $20,000."

This was a thought of his own—a last terrible thrust at the "aristocrats," dooming them to continued disfranchisement and putting them lower than their former slaves. Small wonder that Stevens, Wade and Sumner hailed him as a Daniel come to judgment. Yet, even as they applauded, a change came over Andrew Johnson as vast as that which befell Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus.

William H. Seward, the Secretary of State, sat at his right hand even as he had sat at Lincoln's. If any man ever had an excuse for hate, it was Seward, for the attempt to assassinate him had killed his invalid wife and made a maniac of his daughter. Yet with unyielding tenacity he held to Lincoln's policy of reconciliation. Clearly, boldly, he made Johnson see the evil consequences of revenge, and urged him to adopt the Lincoln theory that the Southern States had never been out of the Union, and that the thing to do was to bring them back to "the proper practical relation" as soon as possible.

Grant, another man that Johnson loved and trusted, also inclined to this view, and under the influence of these two counselors the President turned away from his gloomy hates and set himself to healing the Union's gaping wounds.

Following the example set by Lincoln in the reorganization of Louisiana, he established civil government in the seceded states, and when Congress met in December, senators and representatives were on hand from all of them, asking admission.

High flamed the wrath of Sumner, Wade and Stevens. What they wanted was to have the South treated as a conquered province, not only to satisfy their passion for revenge but also because the admission of Democrats, as Stevens frankly admitted, menaced the "perpetual ascendency" of the Republican party.

Even as they had opposed and defeated Lincoln, so did the radicals now unite and, after rejecting the South's representatives, served notice upon the President that henceforth he would do well to keep his hands off the business of reconstruction.

Whatever doubts Andrew Johnson may have had as to the wisdom of his course were removed by the action of Congress. Always imperious and arrogant, resenting opposition as a personal insult, he accepted the challenge and squared for battle.

Lincoln might have used his humor and knowledge of human nature to reach some agreement, but the burly Tennesseean was ever one who loathed any suggestion of compromise.

Addressing a motley crowd that surged under the White House windows, he bellowed denunciations of the traitors who were trying to wreck the Constitution and destroy free institutions. "Name them!" called a voice, and straightway Johnson named, by implication, Sumner, Stevens and Phillips.

The Reign of Vengeance

IN EQUAL anger, Congress overturned the precedent of years and commenced the grim business of passing laws over the President's veto. A congressional election was to be held in November, and, remembering the ease with which he had swayed the hill people of Tennessee to his will, Johnson resolved to make a direct appeal to the voters, and started off on what he termed "a swing around the circle."

It was a journey through Bedlam. Disorderly crowds jeered and hooted their Chief Executive as though he were a candidate for constable; and his hot temper led him into extravagances of insult and denunciation.

The sentiment of the country had not supported Sumner and Stevens, but Johnson's disorderly progress from city to city worked a change, and when Congress met again in December the radicals had an overwhelming majority in Senate and House.

Contemptuously sweeping aside the state governments formed by the President, a brand-new Reconstruction Act organized the South into five military districts, disfranchised virtually every white, and gave the vote to the Negroes without qualification of any kind.

Johnson disapproved the act, pointing out its utter unconstitutionality, but it was repassed over his veto, and down upon the helpless South descended the army of "carpetbaggers," more terrible than any locust plague.

The next step was a bill that stripped the President of all power over the army and its officers, and General Grant, put in complete authority with responsibility to Congress only, was explicitly ordered not to heed or obey the commands of Johnson. In the same breath a Tenure of Office Act was passed that denied the right of the President to remove any official, even a Cabinet member, without the consent of the Senate. There was no question as to the lawlessness of the measure, and even Stanton joined with Seward in framing and supporting the veto measure.

As usual, however, it was passed over his veto, and as an incident of the struggle Johnson learned that Stanton was and had been the secret agent of the congressional group, sitting in the Cabinet only to spy and report.

The President had never liked Stanton, doubtless because the two were so much alike in their arrogance and egotism, and now he demanded the instant resignation of the Secretary of War, suspending him when it was refused, and putting General Grant in the office. Congress, convening in December, ruled that the suspension was without justification, and promptly restored Stanton to his place, Grant surrendering possession on the instant.

All that had gone before was nothing to the explosion of rage that now shook the White House. Johnson branded the Man of Appomattox as one false to his faith and to his word, insisting that he had promised to hold the office or else give time for the appointment of a successor, so that Stanton would be put in the position of having to seek reinstatement through the courts, thus bringing up the question of the law's constitutionality.

Grant denied giving any such pledge, although admitting that "the President might have understood me the way he did," but the raging Johnson repeated his charge of dishonor, supported by the signed statements of five Cabinet members, and in bitter phrase accused Grant of having traded his principles for the Republican nomination.

Integrity of Government at Stake

DEFYING the Senate, the President discharged Stanton and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas as Secretary of War ad interim. But Stanton barricaded himself in his office, and the House, under the leadership of Thaddeus Stevens, voted resolutions of impeachment. Of the eleven articles, eight dealt with Stanton's removal, treating it as an unconstitutional act, and the three others centered around the charge that Johnson, "unmindful of the high duties of his office, and the dignities and proprieties thereof . . . did attempt to bring into disgrace, ridicule, hatred, contempt and reproach the Congress of the United States."

As the Senate resolved itself into a High Court of Impeachment, with Salmon P. Chase as presiding officer, more hung in the balance than the mere fate of Andrew Johnson. It was the integrity of the government of the United States that was at stake, for if impeachment were sustained it meant the elimination of the executive branch as a coördinate factor and the elevation of the legislative branch to supreme power.

The trial opened formally on March 5, 1868, and from the very start there was plain evidence that neither decency nor fairness was to be considered by the prosecution. Ben Butler—"Beast" Butler—leading off for the House managers, made a political harangue as vicious and intemperate, as coarse and violent as any that Johnson himself had ever delivered, and time after time the Chief Justice's rulings were set aside.

There was early admission that Johnson had been well within his rights in removing Stanton, and, with this principal charge removed, all emphasis was put upon the accusation of misconduct and contumacy.

Witness after witness testified as to the exact words of Johnson's unfortunate speech from the White House balcony, and reported the passionate outbursts that had marked his "swing around the circle." Gossip was permitted to parade (*Continued on page 43*)

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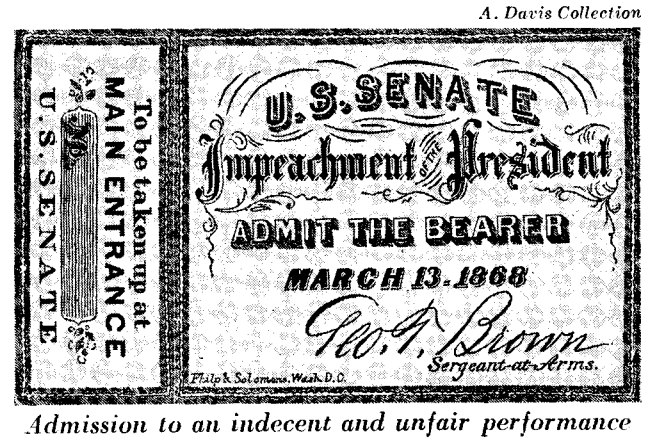

Admission to an indecent and unfair performance

Reprinted from Harper's Weekly, April 4, 1868

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Football Pays the Bills

Here are a few plain facts for the critics who think that football is a growing evil

By GRANTLAND RICE

IN THE next week or so the annual wail about the overemphasis on football will again begin to echo back and forth across the landscape.

That wail is as sure a sign of approaching winter as the singing of the north wind and the first drift of falling snow. It comes in the wake of packed stadia, of blazing headlines, of team and individual exploitation and the general hubbub and excitement of a dramatic campaign.

There has been a feeling in many quarters that stadia and crowds have grown too large, that the publicity attending football has been overdone and that the selection of all-star teams has been a growing evil that should be suppressed.

But there is another side of the story that has been overlooked. This side of the story doesn't deal as directly with the eighteen or twenty men who make up the Varsity squad as it does with the remainder of the student body who, after many years of effort, have been lured at last into some form of body-building competitive sport—track and field, golf, tennis, soccer, hockey, baseball, rowing, lacrosse and other pastimes not quite so well known to the big, black headlines.

Football, with its great stadia and its vast crowds, has done something more than furnish most of the equipment and pay most of the expenses of these other sports that attract 90 per cent of an average student body. Football has furnished the romance and the publicity that first caught the imagination and helped to make these other sports attractive for the mass.

Romance Sells Football

IF FOOTBALL affected only the eighteen or twenty players who see autumn action, it would then be largely waste because it would touch only a small percentage of the student body. But it was the lure and romance of football that gave the first incentive to mass play, to the competitive side, and it has been the money brought in by football that has paid for the playing fields, equipment, and coaches for other teams.

Football, contrary to general opinion, is by no means a frivolous recreation. It isn't much fun for the average player. A few may actually enjoy it, but for the most part it is drudgery, hard work, hard knocks, discipline and nerve strain. It means five days of grind and one afternoon of thrills.

Coach Zuppke of Illinois called the turn when he said that the average student did not take up football for the fun of playing, but because he was lured out by the romance of the game, where he could not only do something for his university but could also dramatize himself for the reward of headlines, applause and fame.

Football has been called a Roman circus—and to a certain extent that is what it is.

A few days ago I mentioned the subject to one of the best halfbacks of the past few years, now out of college.

"College football to me," he said, "was never any fun, though high school football was. As a kid, I was first attracted by reading about the big games and the work of star players. Here was all the romance that a boy looks for. But college football was grind and drive and drudgery, and when I made my first fumble in a game and read the story next day I felt for a while like a criminal. If I had known all this in advance, I would have taken some easier athletic course. But I can see now the good it did me and the self-confidence it gave others who lacked this quality.

"Any man who goes through two or three years of college football finishes standing pretty squarely on his feet. A few stars may get swell-headed, but not so many after the coaches have finished their last addresses. The work of the right type of football coach can do more toward making a man than anything I know of, but by the time a player is through he has usually paid the price in physical punishment, mental suffering and all the discipline and the grind from September to December."

No one is going to lure youngsters into sport—organized sport under the direction of coaches and trainers—by announcing that it helps to make strong men and useful citizens. It is necessary to hang a banner in the sky and to start the blare of trumpets.

There are not many who can be crowded forward on the right road just because it is the right road. There must be at least a tinge of romance, adventure, applause, publicity and a touch of personal dramatization. The ballyhoo must be sounded to catch their interest and to hold it.

Twenty years ago almost the entire student body was out watching football practice. There was prescribed and tedious gymnasium work and little else. Now almost no students watch the practice. They are playing golf, tennis, lacrosse; or they are busy at track and field, cross-country, rowing and a half dozen other competitions that are part of the open code.

Leading universities now estimate that 90 per cent of their student bodies are busy at some form of outdoor play, where twenty years ago less than 10 per cent were so engaged.

It takes something more than a few dollars to provide equipment, playing fields and coaches for the thousands who are in our universities to-day. Football receipts from the big stadia have paid for almost everything.

It has taken something more than an appeal for health and clean living to get the students out. Football and the romance of football, the big crowds, the publicity, the all-star teams and the jubilee in general have been a big factor in the collegiate outdoor awakening and the rush to mass play. There would have been no such rush to sport by so many hundreds of thousands if the publicity had been milder and if the laurels chucked at champions had been withheld.

When informed that more than 60,000 students from the ten Western Conference universities alone were engaged in some form of sport, someone might rise up and remark, "What of it?"

One answer is that over 60 per cent of those entering college have physical defects of one type or another which outdoor sport helps to cure or correct. And that is only part of the story.

Through all this growth football remains something more than a mere game. It is a vivid spectacle, somewhat Roman, as I said. It is romance and the dramatization of youthful dreams.

Part of the answer will be found in the Army-Navy contest, scheduled on Western turf—at Chicago—for the first time in history. One of the greatest crowds in football history are to-day packing the big Chicago stadium, where, with 100,000 seated, more than 200,000 will be turned away.

This contest is emblematic of the new position sport has reached. It carries more noise and color than any contest yet held, and it brings West Point and Annapolis closer to the Middle West than ever before.

The Middle West Gets a Show

FOR the first time 4,000 cadets and midshipmen have been transported far from their bases, but the Middle West was entitled to this contest, which will not only be one of the great football battles of the year but which, in addition, will show something in the way of spirit and enthusiasm that will never be forgotten.

There would be at least 500,000 spectators present if tickets and seats were available, and the receipts at any heavyweight championship would be light change in comparison to the golden harvest that could be reaped if some professional promoter, looking only for the ultimate dollar, were in charge.

This game, with all the other traditional battles from California to Massachusetts, is part of the romance of football, the big factor in building up the tremendous interest which now belongs to the outdoor parade.

With this romance to work on, publicity and the ballyhoo did the rest with football receipts ready to pay the bills, which now run above the $500,000 mark in many universities where twenty years ago they were under $50,000.

Wide World

208 pounds of tackle: Lassman, N. Y. U.

Wide World

Just practice! Charlie Rodgers, U. of P. halfback, fools the tackle by taking to the air

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM
chosen by Grantland Rice will appear in Collier's, December 11th

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THE HEART *of* ALIX

Continued from page 22

next?" queried Elsie, glancing at the inspector under her long lashes while she affected to contemplate a very slim ankle.

By way of reply Mr. Manderton slammed his hand down upon the ironing board.

"Stanismore was killed in the grounds of Node, or I'm a Dutchman!" he affirmed emphatically. "Look here, I was early on the scene, wasn't I? Earlier than I had any call to be, as you might say, and I saw no blood or any signs of a struggle on the sand. The rain may have accounted for that, I'll grant you. But what about the position of the body? No man dropped by a crack over the front of the head ever fell in the cramped-up position in which Stanismore was lying. Do you know what I think, Elsie, my girl?"

Elsie smiled a little triumphant smile to herself. She had never known her treatment to fail. When things were going badly, what her Uncle George required was an audience. It seemed to cheer him up to think aloud.

"Tell me!" she prompted eagerly.

"From the very start it looked to me as though he'd been killed somewhere else and the body brought down afterward and pitched on the beach in the belief that the tide, when it came up, would fetch it away. Only half the body was below high-water mark, remember! What did that suggest? First, that whoever put him down there was in an all-fired hurry to be rid of him else they'd have taken him lower down the shore and dumped him straight into the sea. The fact that he was flung down anyhow, as you might say, at the top of the beach, gave me my second idea, namely, that the job was done when the tide was low, that's to say, at night, when, therefore, it was too dark or the party concerned too flurried, to see just where the high-water line ran. This means that the body was fetched down very soon after he was killed."

"Why?"

"See how the times fit. Stanismore disappeared at half past ten on Friday night. He must have been murdered, therefore, between that time and the hour when it was still too dark and the tide still too far out for the party in question to have the time, or perhaps the strength, to carry the body all that long way down to the sea. On Friday night low water was at 10:10. High tide would be, therefore, about 4 A. M. on Saturday. But at this time of year sunrise is shortly before four o'clock, and at three o'clock it's already getting light. I've been talking to the fishermen round here, and from what they tell me I'm satisfied that on Friday night the hour when the state of the tide and the light would fit in with my theory is somewhere between eleven and one. D'you follow me?"

"You make it all wonderfully clear, I think!" his niece declared.

MR. MANDERTON puffed at his pipe for an instant.

"Where was he brought from?" he demanded, addressing the room. "The incident of the locked door gave me my answer." He briefly described Gerry Leese's experience. "What does a locked door say? 'Keep out!' don't it? Keep out from where? From the grounds of Node House, you'll reply. And you'd be dead right, my dear."

"But who should have bolted the door?" demanded Elsie. "And why?"

"I can't tell you—yet. But what I can say is this: If Stanismore walked through that door to meet his death, his corpse was never carried out through it."

"How do you reckon that?"

"Simply because twenty-four hours later the catch was still down. You'd bolt a door to kill a man without interruption or to get rid of the body undisturbed. There'd be no sense in bolting the door after the corpse had been removed, would there? Therefore the body must have been taken out of the grounds otherwise. . . ."

Elsie Twig looked rather scared. "How?" she questioned in a small voice.

Her uncle drew on his pipe reflectively. The fragrance of his tobacco was strong in the little room.

"That very question sent me back to the mortuary to-night. I found the answer there. Stanismore's right hand was raw and torn when they found him. I made the police surgeon reëxamine the body in my presence, particularly the right hand. There was glass in the wound, my dear. . . ."

"Glass?" repeated Elsie, mystified.

"AYE, glass. And there's broken glass set all along the coping of the wall at the bottom of the grounds of Node."

He paused.

"But, Uncle, it's horrible," she cried. "Do you mean that the body was dragged over the wall?"

"Not quite that. The murderer never left the grounds. The fact that twenty-four hours later the door was still bolted shows that. The body was heaved very carefully to the top of the wall, and let down, probably by the legs, until it fell on the other side in the position in which it was found. Stanismore was already dead; the right hand proves this. It is lacerated, but it has not bled. The clothing is not torn: a coat or something of the kind must have been laid across the top of the wall, but I found a little splinter of glass adhering to one of his cuffs. And now I'm beginning to appreciate the significance of that locked door. . . ."

He stood up abruptly and started to pace up and down the parlor.

"What does it matter to an outsider," he demanded, stopping and frowning at his niece, "whether the body of this man is found in Node grounds or on the beach? He might fasten up the door against a possible surprise while he was at work; but, the job over and done with, he'd open the door and leg it for all he was worth, wouldn't he? Who alone could have an interest in trying to prevent this crime from being traced to Node House?"

Elsie stared wide-eyed at the detective.

"You don't mean—" she began, but he interrupted her harshly.

"Why was that body not taken through the door?" he resumed in a tone of growing exaltation. "Why did the murderer go to the trouble of manhandling this corpse over a high and difficult wall?" He dropped his voice and tapped the table impressively with his hand. "Because he knew that one of the three keys of the sea door was in Major Barleston's possession. Because he was acquainted with the major's habit of arriving unexpectedly at all hours, and was afraid of being disturbed. Because he was not aware—nobody at Node knew it, except Mrs. Barleston—that the major had returned to Node two hours or so before and was already in bed and asleep!"

"My gracious goodness!" she ejaculated. "You make my blood run cold. Do you mean to tell me that you suspect someone at Node House of this awful murder—Sir Harry or one of *that lot*?"

"I can't do otherwise, it seems to me," he rejoined somberly, "though, the Lord knows, I'm stuck for a motive. . . ."

She suppressed the question that her natural curiosity forced to her lips. She had been trained in the police tradition of discretion, and she knew, from long experience of Uncle George's confidences, where his reticence began.

"I shouldn't have thought it possible!" was the remark she substituted.

"Why not?" he retorted. "Robbery was not the motive of this crime. This man was killed in anger. His wound shows that. He was struck down from the front, a lightning blow. He had no chance to defend himself, I'd say. . . ."

"You mean—it was a fight?"

He gave a short hard laugh.

"The sort of fight in which the chap that hits first is the only survivor."

"Have you discovered where he was killed?"

He shook his head.

"There's a deal to clear up yet," he answered. "We've still to find the weapon of the crime, and Stanismore's hat is missing too. We know that he was wearing a yachting cap when he landed from the Anthea, but it hasn't turned up yet. It wasn't with the body. . . ." He broke off and softly pounded his open palm with his fist. "It's a rare cat's cradle," he muttered, "and the deeper I get into it the more I have the feeling that somebody has stepped in before me and deliberately tangled up all the threads. . . ."

A KNOCK at the door interrupted him. It was Superintendent Nolling, half an hour late and rather out of humor.

"If you've anything better to do, Inspector," he remarked, "you're wasting time on this trip. Me and my men visited the Anthea and she's in apple-pie order. You'll pick up no clues there, sir. Stanismore weren't on her but a few hours. He came on board at Portsmouth at three, changed into yachting clothes and went off to his garden party. Newcome picked him up again at the railway pier at 7:15 and took him aboard; and he had a bit of supper the whiles they went, under the auxiliary engine, across to Chine Bay. You'll find nowt on the Anthea but his trousers as he left them when he changed, and his felt hat."

"Since you've been good enough to call for me," said Manderton suavely, "I think we'll go along."

A boatman sculled them across the placid bay in the warm June dusk to where the abandoned yacht rocked quietly at her moorings. A blue-jerseyed hand, whom Nolling had installed as caretaker, led the way down the steep companion to the two cabins situated fore and aft of the hatchway, the one for meals, the other for sleeping. The superintendent remained on deck, seating himself in the cockpit with a resigned air.

One glance below almost satisfied Manderton that he might as well have taken his colleague's advice. The electric light with which the little Anthea was fitted shone down upon such a scene of compact neatness as the amateur yachtsman delights in. The saloon was in perfect order; nothing was out of place. To spare himself his confrere's jibes Manderton purposely protracted his visit, peering into lockers and lifting the cushions.

He peeped into the sleeping cabin. Stanismore had clearly changed his clothes here, for his hat and gloves were on a locker, a pair of blue serge trousers hung from a hook, and his brown walking shoes stood on the floor. Mr. Manderton patted the trousers; the pockets were empty.

He was about to turn away when he noticed that, under the dead man's hat, a book was lying. Now, Mr. Manderton had come on board the Anthea for the express purpose of seeking informa-

(*Continued on page 28*)

Manderton remained lost in thought staring down at the slip in his hand

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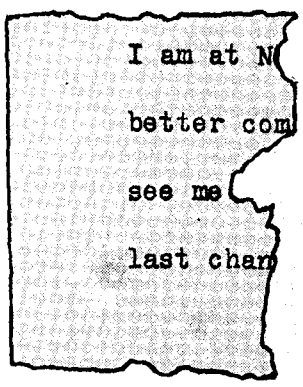
THE HEART *of* ALIX

Continued from page 26

tion about Stanismore. He said to himself, when he saw the book put down with the dead man's hat and gloves, that this was in all probability the book which Stanismore had been reading in the train on his way down from London, and was therefore to that extent associated with the last hours of his life. And because he was accustomed to neglect no detail, however small, in his work, he lifted the volume to see its title, just as, a moment before, he had taken one of Stanismore's shirts from the locker to note the maker's name. As he moved the book he observed that a strip of paper protruded from between the leaves as though it had been slipped in to mark the place.

Manderton drew forth the marker. It was a long and narrow fragment, apparently torn off a typewritten letter, for there was a scrap of typewriting on the upper half, and the paper, grayish in hue and of good quality, was obviously notepaper. This is what he saw:



For a full minute he remained lost in thought, staring down at the gray slip in his hand. Then he heard the companion squeak. Mr. Nolling's impressive rear view obscured the hatchway.

"Found something, have you?" remarked Nolling as his eye fell upon his colleague. Silently Manderton held out the book marker.

"What d'you make of that?" he demanded.

His colleague glanced at the slip, turned it over in his pudgy fingers, held it up to the light.

"It's Node House paper all right," he pronounced.

"Ah," commented the other, "I was wondering if it was—"

"Not a doubt of it," said Nolling. "I've seen it dozens of times. Sir Harry's had the same notepaper as long as I can remember."

"Who uses the typewriter at Node, d'you know?"

"Sir Harry does. You'll see the machine standing in his study. This here's a queer go, Inspector! That 'N' stands for Node, I'd say, and that's 'last chance,' these two words here. It's an invitation, ain't it?"

"Or perhaps a threat," the other suggested. "Anyway, invitation or threat," he added as he put the slip away in his letter case, "it's what brought our friend to Node, I'm thinking. We'd best be getting ashore, Nolling. . . ."

NIECE ELSIE was waiting at the tavern door.

"Oh, Uncle," she cried, "how late you are! You must be famished. I waited supper for you. Dan's had his. You come straight in."

"Right you are, my lass," said Mr. Manderton heartily. "Has there been anything for me?"

"There's a gentleman waiting to see you. But have your supper first."

The inspector stopped. "Who is it?"

"Only Major Barleston, from Node. He's been here this hour or more; he can wait a bit longer. You come and eat."

"Where's the major, Elsie?" her uncle demanded.

She sighed. "In the tap, along of Dan!"

Elsie supped alone. Mr. Manderton was closeted, for greater privacy, in his modest bedroom with Major Barleston, who was very mysterious, very long-winded and slightly inebriated.

THE saying of the doctors that women have greater powers of resistance than men recurred more than once to the mind of Ronnie Dene in the days following the murder. He marveled at the resolute calm with which Alix faced their little world.

Even her husband, who knew something of her strength of character, was astonished at her reserve of natural force. He was happy enough to relinquish the management of things into her firm hands.

"This affair is mine as well as yours, Frankie," she told him, and "I'm going to show you," she promised, "that I meant what I said."

It was she who proposed, at their talk in the dawn of that Sunday morning, that she should go down to the tower and efface the traces of Stanismore's visit. Though her husband still refused all information about his movements on the night of the murder, she realized that he must have contrived in some way to be present at her interview with Stanismore; and she very soon elicited the fact that the tower room remained as she had left it, with the window open and the candle standing on the table.

Frankie wanted to go down that very night and put things straight. But to this she, more farseeing than he, objected. "We can't afford to run the risk," she said in her practical way, "with the police about the beach. But to-morrow's the day for turning out the tower, and in the morning everybody will be away at the inquest. Aunt Ethel likes me to visit the tower from time to time; she'll be very glad to let me take Vance's place."

The intervention of Scotland Yard terrified her husband, and he could scarcely contain himself when, in the seclusion of their bedroom, Alix told him how Inspector Manderton had surprised her at her task. She put a bold face on it. "He was only looking round," she assured Frankie. "I'm sure he suspects nothing. He can suspect nothing if we always remember that I had an absolutely valid reason for being there."

But secretly her heart misgave her. And when she learned that the inspector had locked up the tower she had a sense of foreboding.

Her misgivings would have redoubled had she been in the grounds of Node very early on the following morning. Although midnight had struck before Mr. Manderton got into bed, the sun in rising had forestalled him by little more than an hour when, soon after five o'clock, he unlocked the sea door and looked about him.

"Smith!" he called cautiously. There was no reply. Mr. Manderton pursed up his lips severely and followed the walk along to where the path to the tower turned off.

A number of planks had been laid to protect the footway. The detective put down the bag which he carried and began to remove them. Then, walking on the grassy border, he started to move very slowly forward, scrutinizing the path with the utmost care. On reaching the stone steps he continued the process, examining each stair with the same scrupulous diligence. Arrived at the top, he drew himself erect and shook his head dubiously. "That damned rain!" he muttered. "Like playing against loaded dice, that's what it is!"

He went back to fetch his bag, and mounted with it to the stone platform before the tower door. He opened the bag and took from it a reading glass.

A shallow canopy of wood, affixed on iron brackets to the wall, sheltered threshold and door of the tower. The door, sunk within the tower's face, stood raised from the platform by a stone stair. It was upon this stair, a flat slab, mottled like a lizard with lichen and slime, that Mr. Manderton, lens in hand, now bent his especial attention.

The center of the slab was smudged as the detective, mindful of the traffic of the previous morning, expected to find it. Indeed, hereabouts he picked out and held under his glass the rounded print of a woman's high-heeled shoe. On this he wasted no time. He moved the lens to the left along the face of the slab with a sureness that suggested he was looking for something already seen. So fast did the glass sweep that he all but missed the edge of a singular pattern which for one brief second flashed into its circular field.

At once the lens swung back and steadied. Punched clearly in the slime a series of rounded dots, like the surface of a golf ball, came into view. The pattern was a rough pyramid in shape, the summit pointing to the door.

With an impassive face he stretched his arm behind him and groped in the bag. When his hand reappeared it clasped a stained buckskin shoe strapped with leather. It was long, with a pointed toe, and had a rubber sole. The inspector turned the shoe over in his hands. The sole was corrugated with a mass of closely set, rounded protuberances.

Laying the shoe aside, the detective picked up his glass again and resumed his study of the stair. Once more he paused lengthily over a mark half effaced in the muddy layer. Under the lens it showed up as the bold curve of a plain flat heel.

WHEN, half an hour later, Smith, rather red in the face, panted up the tower stairs, he found the door ajar. His chief was on his knees in a corner of the room. It was a dark and dusty nook in the angle between fireplace and window where the circular sweep of the wall began to flatten out. A shabby screen, once gay with bright pictures, stood folded up against the center table.

"Didn't 'ear you come in, sir," the plain-clothes man began to explain volubly. "I was up the path a piece, toward the house. There's something there I think you ought to see. . . ."

The inspector sat back on his heels and looked up at his assistant. "Ah, there you are, Smith!" he remarked absently.

"If it isn't troubling you, sir," his aide broke in hastily, "I'd like you to come out in the grounds with me for a minute. It ain't fur, just a little way along and then a piece down to the left. I relieved Mallow at midnight, like what you said for me to do, and, as soon as it was light, nothing 'aving transpired in the night, I sez to myself, I sez: 'No 'arm in 'avin' a look round,' I sez, and—"

But it was evident that, however closely Mr. Manderton might appear to be studying his assistant's somewhat rubicund features, his thoughts were far away. Smith broke off in some embarrassment. Said the inspector, as though he had not heard him:

"A damn' rum go, I call it!"

Discipline came to Smith's aid.

"Yessir!" he agreed briskly.

Mr. Manderton jerked his head in the direction of the murky corner which he had been scrutinizing.

"Take a look at that, will you, and tell me what you make of it!"

At that curt command, roughly spoken, the plain-clothes man pulled himself together. He knew that tone of old: the guv'nor was on the job, and things were not going well.

The inspector was pointing to the grayish blur of dust, extending to the wall behind, which marked the angle cut off by the screen. Smith peeped over his chief's shoulder. Here and there the thick layer of dust had been superficially disturbed. But in one or two places—

"Footprints, ain't they, sir?" spoke Smith. "Two—no—three of 'em. . . ."

With a sour look Mr. Manderton rose from his knees.

"That's right," he said. "And to think," he added irascibly, as he brushed his trousers with his hand, "that there's pretty near a yard of surround between the carpet and the wall which must have been fair thick with dust before that damned woman came butting in and cleaned the whole place up. Why the housemaid who's supposed to turn the room out every week as good as admitted to me last night, when I had a word with her alone, that she never swept it. That Mrs. Barleston would have had that corner brushed out if she'd noticed it. By the Lord Harry, if I could have been in here at this time yesterday! I bet the place was fair stiff with tracks for anybody with eyes to see them!"

"These wouldn't be the lady's prints, would they, sir?" asked Smith, who had been peering into the dusty corner.

"Too large; besides, the heel marks are to the wall." He swung round fiercely on his aide. "And tell me what you think she was doing behind that screen?" he demanded. "Playing puss in the corner? Blast it, look at the size of the prints! Can't you see it's a man? Here"—he pointed to the screen—"open it out!" Smith obeyed. "It covers you all right. What height are you? Five foot nine?"

"Five foot seven and a half in me socks, sir!"

Manderton moved forward to the screen and drew it about him.

"I can see the top of your 'ead, sir," said Smith.

"Six foot, I am," the inspector remarked. "Still, that don't prove anything. He might have crouched down. There's plenty room enough behind there."

Smith jerked his head backward in the direction of the corner.

"That's the chap we're after, I s'pose, sir?" he suggested.

"I reckon he is," Mr. Manderton retorted, "though he's left us little enough to go on. What with the crowd trampling all over the beach, and the rain sluicing away anything *they* missed, and this blasted woman with her mop, I'd like to know how the chief expects me to make a job of it! Not that there aren't one or two traces left about the place just the same. . . ."

He glared gloomily at his assistant.

"Somebody was in this room Friday night," he said. "Stanismore for one. Leastwise, I've picked up the track of his rubber soles on the step outside. I spotted a print there yesterday, pointing away from the tower it was. Just now I located a second print, turned toward the door this time, and I've identified 'em both by the shoes that Stanismore was wearing. And if I'm not mistaken, I've got in my pocket the butt of the cigar he threw away on the path below. Our friend behind the screen was here too, if those footprints behind the screen mean anything. And *he* left a heel mark on the doorstep which I'll take a small shade of odds is identical with those prints in the corner. He was smoking too: at least yesterday I picked up out of the grate a fag which hasn't been lying around here since the poor young lady died, I'll warrant."

"Ah!" Smith remarked, "and who would it be, sir?"

"Ah!" retorted Mr. Manderton, "who?"

HIS myrmidon scratched his head. Then, with a significant expression, he fixed his eye on the inspector. "Well," he observed evenly, "it worn't done in 'ere!"

"No, nor yet on the beach," Mr. Manderton retorted sharply. "I don't care anything about where it wasn't done, my man. What we've got to find out is where it *was* done!"

"That's right," agreed his assistant cheerfully. "And if you'll kindly step out with me, sir, I think I can show you something as will interest you. . . ."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Manderton slowly. Then he snatched up his bag. "Lead on!" he ordered.

As he hurried out after Smith one of his legs caught the table cover. Stop-

(*Continued on page 30*)

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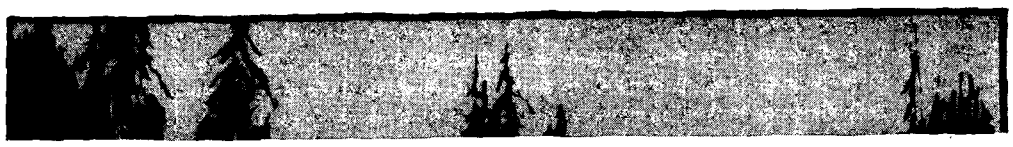

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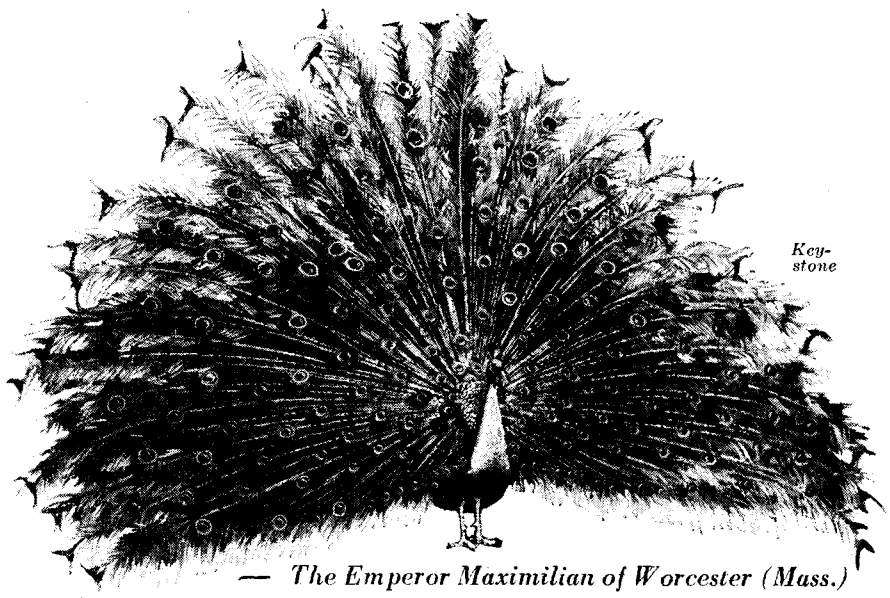

— The Emperor Maximilian of Worcester (Mass.)

Catching Up with the World

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

WHY is the male in the animal kingdom apt to be so much more gorgeous and conspicuous than the female? We can well see why the mother bird wears a downy dress and sits silent on her secret nest, but why does her mate perch out on a branch, adorned with gay plumage and singing at the top of his voice?

Because that is the post of danger and the female of the species has forced him to stand there and make himself conspicuous as a test of his bravery. It is all for the benefit of posterity.

"The better mate an animal can get the more chance its descendants will have of survival, and it is obvious that a male that has to face more danger and yet manages to survive has in all probability a greater capacity for keeping alive than one which lives through less danger. Therefore the female that chooses a mate with a dangerous habit or structure chooses what is, apart from the dangerous part, a better and more fit mate. No species can rise directly above its environment, for if there is less killing there is less selection."

That, at least, is the theory of the evolution of beauty expounded by C. H. Henshaw in the London publication Nature. Does that explain why women of all nations ten years ago were so eager to send their menfolk to the front?

[The illustration at the top shows the male peacock in all his pride. The peahen is much smaller, her plumage is dull and she carries no glorious train. ED.]

A Billion Years of Life

YOU carry in your blood samples of sea water from Archæan oceans of more than a billion years ago. Life, like Venus, rose from the sea, and its brine still flows in our veins. Our bodily fluids carry in solution essentially the same salts as the sea, but not in the same amount and proportion as in the sea water of the present time.

The elements sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium are present both in the ocean and the blood, but in different ratio, as they differ also in various salt lakes.

We can even distinguish a difference in the chemical composition between the fluid inside and outside the cell. The cell sap, for instance, contains less salt and is less alkaline than the free plasma of the blood outside the cell. The reason for this difference is surmised to be that the cells, which make up the substance of our flesh and float in our blood, contain fluid of similar composition to that which filled the oceans of pre-Cambrian times, when the first life appeared. But the circulation of the blood was not discovered till later ages, hundreds of millions of years later, and so our blood has the composition of the seas of that period, perhaps early Cambrian, when the first marine animals with a circulatory system appeared.

The two kinds of brine are kept apart by a thin and semipermeable membrane, the cell wall. Now, when two different fluids are separated by such a film, that allows the water to pass through freely but hinders certain of the dissolved salts, there is a difference in the internal pressure and a difference in the electric potential.

Or, as Dr. Ellice McDonald of the University of Pennsylvania expressed it in a recent address: "The salts in the interior constantly striving to get out and the salts of the exterior constantly trying to get in" cause a struggle that has lasted for these billion years and excite those electrical variations that vitalize the cell. So the energy that finds expression in modern life may be traced back to the primordial conflict between the pre-Cambrian and Cambrian seas.

Making Black Moths

COLLECTORS have noticed that certain moths found in industrial districts have more black than those living in truly rural regions. Not the sooty black that you can wash off, though with difficulty, when you get back to your Pullman after a tour of the works, but an organic coloration of their bodies or wings.

This was surmised to be due to a combination of metallic dust, and smoke, which, settling on the leaves, is eaten by the caterpillars from which come the moths.

Dr. Heslop Harrison of England has proved this theory by two direct experiments. He fed caterpillars of the kind free from the black markings with leaves gathered in the industrial district, and others of the same sort with clean leaves sprinkled with such metallic salts as manganese sulphate and lead nitrate. Both batches produced small numbers of the black kind of moths and —what is most remarkable—the black characteristic proved to be hereditary and persisted in later generations even when they were fed on unpolluted plants.

This discovery has an important bearing on the theory and practice of evolution because it proves that it is possible to produce artificially new and permanent forms of insects, varieties so different in appearance that they might have been classed as new species if they had been discovered in the wild.

It means, further, that it is possible to get at the germ plasm by chemical means and permanently alter its hereditary powers. Entomology is entering upon the experimental era.

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 28

ping to adjust the cloth, which was slipping to the ground, he noticed a yellowish smear on its faded red pile. It was a ragged patch of candle grease, rounded on the inside as though it had dripped from a guttering candle and coagulated on the cloth about the base of the candlestick. The cover being too large for the table, the side marked with the grease had apparently worked its way down out of sight.

The detective's eye flashed to the candlesticks in their place on the high mantelpiece and from them back to the yellow stain. Suddenly his face became scarlet. His mouth closed with a snap, and his lower lip pouted like a sulky child's. He picked up his bag once more and fairly stormed out of the tower, slamming and locking the door behind him.

Smith was waiting for him at the end of the path and on his appearance forthwith started up the mossy walk leading in the direction of Node House. Before the rhododendron shrubbery was reached a turning branched off to the left. And here the plain-clothes man came to a halt.

Before them the Wilderness, gleaming with the morning dew, spread its tangle of tree and shrub and bramble. Straight as an arrow the side path ran away from them through the heart of the thicket. Its white quartzy surface was moss-grown, but free from grass and weeds, neatly bordered too, with curving red tiles. Some twenty paces from where the two men stood, it was broken by a little clearing with a low stone bench set back in a semicircular space.

"It's along 'ere," said Smith. "I was up this walk, takin' a bit of a nose round, w'en you arrived, sir. That's 'ow I didn't 'ear you come in. Them tiles there, them's what I wanted to show you. . . ."

THEY had walked down the turning together. On the left of the path, a bare yard from the stone seat, three of the tiles were snapped off short. Two lay on the ground beside the path, apparently just as they had been broken off. The third was some distance away, the concave side outward, as though it had turned over on itself.

Mr. Manderton flung away his bag and dropped on one knee.

"You haven't touched anything, have you, Smith?"

"Not me, sir! But you can see with the naked eye that the break in them sherds is fresh as fresh!"

"The glass!" the inspector's fingers snapped impatiently.

Smith opened the bag and handed him the lens. Manderton stooped over the tiles. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation.

"We've beaten the rain this time," he said. "Look at that, will you?"

He held out to his aide the third tile, the one that had lain farthest away.

On its convex side—that is to say, the side which, when the tile was in position, had been turned to the path, sheltered from the wet—was a sticky brown stain.

(To be continued next week)

"Done Got Over"

Continued from page 13

behind them drooped like a disillusioned mouth.

And at the rear, where all colored people were supposed to enter and his feet took him of their own accord, the arms of the tall fig tree couldn't hide the broken shutters at the windows, the gaps in the railing of the upstairs porch, nor the rotting boards of the steps—the air the old place had of dropping minutely into ruin, bit by bit.

The harsh smell of fig leaves in the sun came to him strongly, and he took a sudden sharp breath. It brought back his father more vividly than even the sight of his dead face had done. Tampa Simmons seemed to be standing against the big three-fingered leaves, heavily listed to the left on account of his lame leg, just as he had stood that day when he had brought cream (and Woodie) to the back yard and Miss Jinny had come out to talk with him.

"MISS JINNY, ma'am," he had said, "Ah don't want mah li'l boy ter grow up ter be lak' Ah is! Miss Jinny—look at me!" He had spread out his work-twisted hands in the mellow sunshine of late afternoon and looked at her earnestly, and Miss Jinny (and Woodie) had looked at him. "Ah don't know nothin'; Ah can't read an' Ah can't write; Ah ain't got nothin' an' Ah ain't never goin' ter have. Ah'm jest er cawnfiel' nigger—er li'l better'n er mule. Don't yer expec' that mebbe somehow it might be fixed so's mah li'l boy might be—diff'rent?"

Woodie heard again the grave self-respecting bass and saw the deeply furrowed, kindly face looking out at him with what had come to be to the boy the wistfulness of their race.

Miss Jinny too had seen and heard, and felt, and in the end had found a man in Boston—and Jerusalem seemed no farther from the Piney Woods—to send Woodie away to school and give him such an opportunity as had fallen to the lot of no other colored child he had ever known. Even his vacations were provided for: that the experiment might have a thorough chance, he had spent them, until this year, with a prosperous Negro family who had a summer place in Maine.

Behind the humble Simmons family always, as protection, somehow, from any hardship too great to be borne, had stood the great rock of Miss Jinny Pickens: impoverished, elderly and alone, but a Pickens; knit into the fibers of the state; indomitable by nature and affiliations. Woodie felt her there. He stepped up and knocked at her door with confidence.

The door was opened by a woman of his own race whom he did not know. "*She* ain't hyeh!" she said, with inflections that suggested that only the undesirable wouldn't have known it. "She done gone ter Leestown, ter see Miss Sadie Lee."

The Lees were cousins of the Pickenses. He hadn't thought of any of the old names for a long time. He asked when Miss Jinny would return.

"Mebbe termorrer an' mebbe not. Is you Tampa Simmons' boy?"

When he said he was she told him what Draper meant to do at the funeral. She told him with sympathy, but with a strange gusto. There had been a trace of it even in the kindly Charity.

He had come through the woods. As he went back by the road and one Negro after another stopped him to tell him the same thing in the same way, the sick consciousness dawned within him of something which he could not have expressed. The sympathy of these people was real enough, but there was in it an excitation of horror that they craved; a brushing near of occult and of awful things. They awaited his father's funeral in a state of delicious, morbid expectancy.

If Miss Jinny failed him! . . .

He got out the old white mule and started for Leestown.

WHEN he returned the mule to the stable a round white moon was pouring light steadily into the velvet darkness. Sore and stiff, he stumbled into the kitchen, where a pallet had been fixed for him on the floor.

He had ridden the mule to Leestown

(*Continued on page 32*)

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

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"CONSTIPATION WAS MAKING ME ILL. I had intestinal pains at my work and all times. I took various medicines numbers of times but with only temporary relief. One day I was talking to one of my friends and he suggested that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. He had been using it and had had splendid results. I started immediately and have been eating three cakes a day ever since. My pains are gone and I feel one hundred per cent better."

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"I HAD BEEN TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION accompanied by dizzy spells. It occurred to me to try Yeast. I ate it in salad or in milk three times a day. It brought great relief. My dizziness disappeared and I felt better in every way. Now I take Yeast to keep my stomach in really good condition."

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TOM THORP (CENTER) WELL-KNOWN FOOTBALL REFEREE.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

"WHILE HEAD COACH AT A LARGE UNIVERSITY the members of the football squad were taken down with boils. I tried every known remedy—no results. Then a trainer of another University team recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon after giving the players Yeast three times a day the boils began to disappear. In a few weeks' time the team was able to make a splendid record. I have known of many other similar cases. No person entrusted with the care of athletes should be without a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast. It is not only a cleanser of the blood but a great health builder."

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BELOW

"BECAUSE MY LIFE IS A BUSY ONE, involving club, organization and welfare work, I have found it extremely difficult always to feel my best. For a year and a half I have taken Fleischmann's Yeast daily. As a result my system functions normally, a state rare for busy American women. I have added energy and zest in living and am definitely more useful to society."

MRS. EDWARD CASTLE, Denver, Colo.

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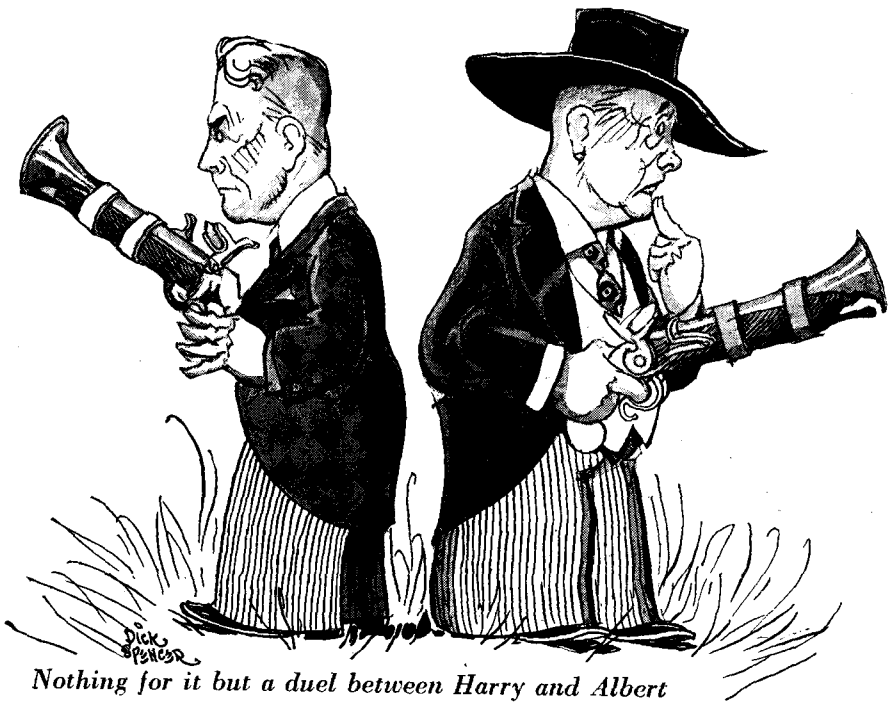

Nothing for it but a duel between Harry and Albert

LOW-DOWNS ON THE HIGH-UPS

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ONE can imagine the salty tears that ran down the cheeks of Postmaster General Harry New when he heard that Senator Jim Watson was sore beset because Jim and his Governor Ed Jackson were suspected of having worshiped around the spotlighted Napoleon shrine of the former Indiana chief Kluxer Stephenson, now in jail. One can picture his grief-stricken countenance as he read how the promise had been given to make Jim President with a novel inauguration parade, white-robed and masked hosts marching down Pennsylvania Avenue and into the White House.

Harry New and Jim Watson were once colleagues in the Senate. Or, to go back a little farther than that, Harry New came into power in Indiana when a new and pure lot of Republicans like Will H. Hays and Jim Goodrich picked up the pieces that were left after an explosion of righteous indignation blew up the old Fairbanks-Hemingway *machine* and started to rebuild the Republican party.

Jim Watson, who had been errand runner for the Fairbanks-Hemingway crowd, was one of the pieces blown so high that for a long time he was not to be found.

Jim, however, found himself after a while, and by the time Harry New got to the Senate Jim came in alongside of him, to the great scandal of the righteous.

New bared his good soul to the plebs

In 1920 Jim Watson was up for renomination and reëlection. And by that time Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, thinking about his own Napoleonic destiny to be President, considered starting for the White House by once more becoming a senator.

A race in the provinces against Mr. Beveridge was the last thing Jim Watson wanted, so he begged Harry New to pull Beveridge off his back.

New's friends persuaded Beveridge. Jim, deeply grateful, assured Harry New that he had saved his politicial life. He could never do enough to repay his benefactor.

In 1922 it became New's turn to run for the Senate again, and there was no pulling Beveridge off this time. There was nothing for it but a duel in the provinces between New and Beveridge.

By this time Jim Watson had become more nearly than Harry New the master of the Indiana machine, Mr. New being hardly more than a junior partner in power. It was Jim Watson's time to pay the great debt.

The primary fight was hot. Beveridge was making Indiana ring with his voice. Harry New, wearing his great hat, talking in his rural way and *looking for* all the world like a stage country chairman, was making the plain people of Indiana feel that he was the good soul that he is.

But the verdict seemed likely to be for Albert, so an S O S was sent to Jim in Washington.

Word came back that all of Jim Watson's men would work their heads off for Harry, but that Jim himself could do more for Harry by staying away. When the vote was counted there was a singularly small vote for Harry New in all the Watson sections, and Destiny had made one step forward toward putting Beveridge in the White House. Albert was nominated for senator, and by a coincidence Harry was eliminated as junior partner in the management of Republican affairs in Indiana.

But when the votes were counted after Election Day Albert Beveridge thought he saw, just as Harry New did after Primary Day, a marked deficiency of votes in the Jim Watson strongholds. So it is probably true, as reported, that he dropped several tears upon the manuscript of the Life of Lincoln he is writing and remarked in his evangelical way something about "his sins finding him out."

No reporter has learned whether Jim Watson sent S O S's to Harry New and Albert Beveridge this year.

Anyway, Harry New stayed in Washington sorting out the mail. His hat is as big as ever, his voice as rural as if he were still persuading a hundred thousand farmers to vote for him, an Indianapolis editor and the son of one. He cares more for hunting and fishing than he does for politics. And he is the best-liked man in the Cabinet.

"Done Got Over"

Continued from page 30

and back—twenty-four miles. He had had to ride slowly, because the old mule tired easily and had gone a little lame. He would have made the trip by stage, but no stage went in the afternoon. Both towns were off the railroad.

He had gone to Miss Sadie Lee's house, and again Miss Jinny had been away. Miss Sadie had taken her motoring. The best he had been able to accomplish was to leave a note, to be delivered to Miss Jinny immediately upon her return. He hadn't dared wait for her. If she wasn't going to stop Zach Draper, he had to do it himself.

He couldn't sleep. His mind ran all night, as uselessly as the arms of an unconnected windmill. It showed him scores of unrelated pictures: the faces of boys he knew off at school; the little white New England church in the village there; Draper, laughing at him; a bend in the creek where he used to swim; his father's body; the corner of a cornfield behind a snake fence covered with purple morning glories. It repeated scraps of the day's conversations. On and on and on. It reverberated soundlessly with the voodooistic terror that ran through the Negroes of the Piney Woods at the prospect of the morrow's sensation. Fear, like a hot wind, blew across it, searing and drying his thoughts. He felt things older and bigger and more terrible than he had realized threshing around him in the hot, humid Southern air. . . .

Finally he got up and rummaged in a cupboard and slipped his father's old pistol into the pocket of his coat where it hung over the back of a chair. He had a plan now. It was as simple as Cain's. . . .

Toward morning he slept a little.

WOODIE sat on the front pew in the Old Ship of Zion, between his mother and Maria Knox. His mother was heavily swathed in borrowed black. Her plump, innocent features, still swollen from weeping, looked purged and peaceful beneath her veil. She alone was unaware of the air of tense expectancy that bound the rest of the congregation together.

In front of them stood his father's coffin, on two sawhorses, banked deep with cape jasmine, which had just begun to bloom: dead-white half-opened flowers set stiffly in stiff, glistening green leaves. Their heavy odor lay like a blanket over the place in spite of the open windows. A score of spring scents outside strove against it in vain.

Behind him the church filled steadily. He could feel the waiting people: row on close-packed row, all their faces turned one way—*tense—expectant*—frightened. They were all very still. Somewhere in the distance a man was calling hogs. The long-drawn notes of his voice sounded like a horn. It died away, and the kind of silence that belongs only to funerals fell upon the little church. Into it the clock on the wall plumped nine twangy notes.

Charity spread her thin, black fingers over the keys of the melodeon. Draper erected his bulk in the chancel and began lining out the first hymn: "Shall We Gather at the River?"

Woodie's hour was on him, and Miss Jinny hadn't come.

Things swam together and went black. He clutched the butt of the pistol in his coat pocket with a cold, damp hand and stared at Draper. The man seemed of superhuman size. He was like something the little church had been built to hold. Woodie shook with fear.

His mother laid her hand on his arm. "Is yer all right, son?"

"Yes'm," he muttered thickly, "I'm all right." But he scarcely heard her and was barely aware that he had replied.

The first notes of the hymn came whining out of the old melodeon. He rose with the rest, and the congregation sang. It passed over his mind in a blur of sound.

Draper knelt beside the pulpit and prayed, and the people bowed their heads to the roll of his voice. Woodie listened long enough to be sure the prayer held no menace for the dead man; the rest of it became a confused rumble in his ears.

Draper rose from his knees. Omitting the hymn between the prayer and the sermon, he looked out over his people—gathered them in with his eye. A hush fell upon them. The faint, lazy call of a distant flycatcher pulsed its way clearly through their midst, and he spoke, slowly.

"Brethren an' sisters, de hymn done ax yer, shall we gather at de river, de beautiful river dat flows by de throne uv Gawd? An' *Ah'm* a-axin' yer"—he paused, spread out his arms in a slow gesture of restrained power and let his voice fall upon a note that went through the waiting people as a wind through leaves—"*Ah'm* a-axin' yer, brethren an' sisters, when yer gits ter de river, de beautiful river dat flows by de throne uv Gawd, is yer gwine ter be fitten ter *git on de boat:* de big boat dat's awaitin' by de bank, wid de steam a-shootin' outer de chimbley an' de paddles a-splashin' in de water—de big boat dat's a-*waitin' dar ter take yer on down* ter de throne itse'f? *Is yer gwine ter be fitten?*"

A groan went over the people. A scarcely audible sigh of anticipation came out of them. Draper caught it and fanned it. His voice began its steady march toward its goal. Woodie's mouth grew dry. His heart seemed about to burst.

"It ain't gwine do yer no good ter *sneak* on ter de big boat ef yer ain't fitten, 'caise yer can't fool de Lawd Jesus! Yer might fool de cap'n er de boat, or de Angel Gabriel, but"—the creak of an automobile brake came through the window—"yer can't"—his outstretched hand sank to his side—"fool—"

His big features stiffened with displeasure. He stood silent, staring toward the door.

Woodie turned with the rest. His heart bounded like a toy balloon and then crowded up into his throat and stuck there.

Miss Jinny Pickens was coming down the aisle.

But not the Miss Jinny Pickens he remembered: a frail, little old woman with bent back and brown time spots on her wrinkled cheeks, who wore shabby clothes and walked slowly, leaning on a cane.

A swift sense came back to him of the Miss Jinny whose foot had tapped the floor as positively as a woodpecker's beak against a tree; whose back had been as straight as a child's; whose movements had been marked with crisp decisiveness; whose clothes had been magnificent.

OR HAD they only seemed so to the ragged little boy who had never owned a pair of shoes or seen a train? Was it possible that she had been old and frail and shabby then?

He couldn't tell; but then and always she had been *Miss Jinny Pickens,* and a member of the super-supreme court which in the last analysis settled **every**thing of importance in that countryside. No Negro in the state had ever openly crossed one of them and lived out the day. He looked with swift hope at Draper—and saw that things had changed.

Something inhered in Miss Jinny that stood for power, but Draper didn't see it. He waited there in haughty, calculating silence, watching her progress down the aisle through contemptuous, half-closed eyes, unimpressed and unafraid. The consciousness that the issue lay solely between him and Draper grew tight about Woodie's heart. Miss Jinny faded out for him almost before she had settled herself in the chair that someone brought from the little room behind the melodeon.

(*Continued on page 34*)

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Thomas A. Edison's latest achievement

40 Minutes of Music
—on a Single Record

OUT of the wonder-working laboratory of Thomas A. Edison, creator of the phonograph, has come another revolutionizing invention, an instrument and a record that render 40 MINUTES OF RE-CREATED MUSIC ON ONE DOUBLE-FACED RECORD. These new records are no larger size than short-playing records. Long selections — symphonies, operas, dinner music, and complete recital programs — that formerly required an *album* of records, may now be *contained complete on a single Edison Record.* Now you can listen to this choice concert music just as comfortably as though you were actually seated in Carnegie Hall or the dining room of the Commodore Hotel.

With the same stroke of genius, Thomas A. Edison has also lowered the cost of phonograph music. A 5- or 6-minute, present-day record costs at least 75c. An Edison 24-minute record costs only $1.75 or 44 cents for six minutes of music. An Edison 40-minute record costs only $2.50 or 38c for six minutes of music. Edison Long-Playing Records, therefore, cut the cost of phonograph music in half. And you don't have to jump up every few minutes to change records. Never before was good music so economical and convenient.

As soon as production of the Long-Playing Phonograph catches up with the great demand, Mr. Edison has made arrangements to supply present Edison owners with an attachment which converts their instruments into Long-Playing Phonographs at a comparatively small charge.

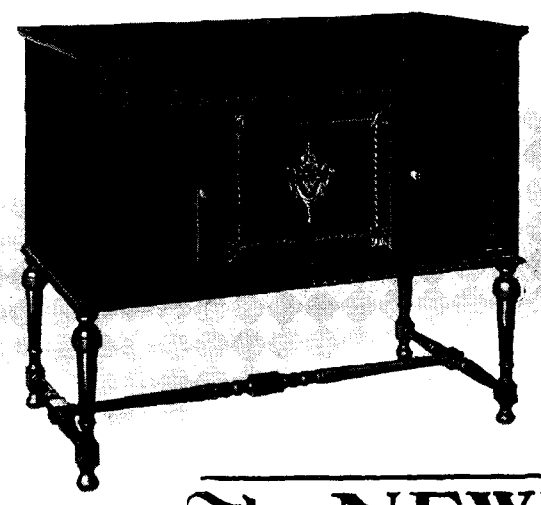
Your Edison dealer invites you to hear this rare musical treat. Write for descriptive booklet.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

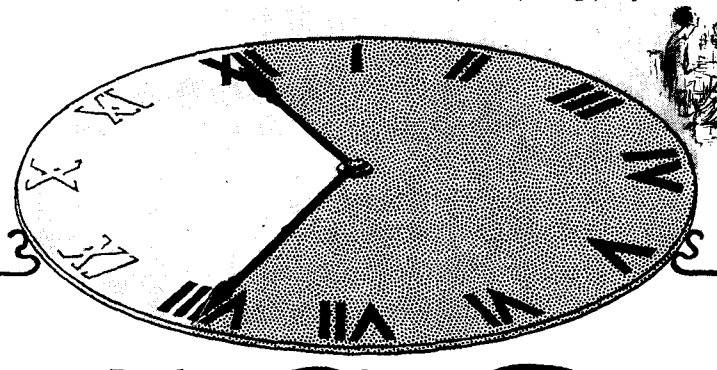
The New Edison Long-Playing Phonograph

Console No. 3—(Mahogany)—In the new fashionable shade, Trafalgar Brown. A delight to the eye as well as the ear.

This Long-Playing Phonograph costs no more than ordinary, short-playing phonographs.



Dine while the Commodore Hotel Orchestra renders for you a forty minute program of Dinner Music. One Edison Song-Playing Record entertains you from soup to nuts.



NO DISTORTION!

All Edison Records are recorded by Mr. Edison's secret process. Absolutely no distortion. This is not a mere claim. It has been proved — in the only way that it can be proved — by actual side-by-side comparison with other phonographs and the living artists themselves.

In selecting your phonograph, remember that only the New Edison Phonograph has *ever dared* the test of side-by-side comparison with the living artist.

The NEW

EDISON

LONG PLAYING

PHONOGRAPH

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE

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Tom Masson Says:

A medical expert has declared that 40,000 dangerous microbes can be transplanted by a single kiss. But what's a single kiss?

"It is hard indeed," remarks H. L. Mencken, "to recall a class of Americans to whom the late war was unpleasant." It is apparent from this that Mr. Mencken is not a parent.

H. G. Wells says the main character in his new book doesn't mean himself. Flattery!

The ideal motto for European countries seems to be WE'RE DICTATED TO BUT NOT RED.

As for flying, you can't always keep a good man up.

After all, the best football is only the best head ball.

London Punch accepts no more liquor ads. That is, it still cheers but no longer inebriates.

Some men never get over being in love with the woman they think they are in love with.

The latest novelty in cribs has an adjustable attached cigarette ash tray.

The London Times says no American can write. But at least we know how to underwrite.

A hero is a man who once forgot that he was a coward.

Now is the time to put off getting up the original Christmas card greeting which you won't send this year.

Our beauty shows have not made much advance over our dog shows. We still prefer to judge the entries by points rather than dispositions.

Every road hog seems to be entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of all other drivers who are not road hogs.

In too many cases a college sophomore is one who has survived the bad booze of the freshman and junior.

Mexico seems to feel that so far as we are concerned she can enjoy all the privileges we give to our gunmen.

The self-kidder has this advantage—in the end he gets his own angora.

"DONE GOT OVER"

Continued from page 32

And Draper too, as soon as he began to talk again, forgot her. His voice took on the sound of something started on its way which could not be stopped—not even by the preacher himself. There had been but one rebellion in the Old Ship of Zion since he came: now was the time to stamp out any last lingering embers of it. As he slowly raised his hand and swung back into his march of words, Woodie's vitals seemed to melt and flow downward. Despair boiled in him like vomit.

"De Lawd Jesus'll be a-waitin'! He'll be a-settin' on de edge er de great white throne, a-waitin'—a-waitin' fer dat boat! An' when He see it comin', He'll holler out ter de angels: 'H'ist up de silver spyglass ter Mah eye!' An' de angels'll h'ist it. Twelve angels it'll take ter h'ist up de silver spyglass ter His eye.

"An' den He'll p'int de silver spyglass, an' ef dere's anybody on dat boat dat don't belong—*He'll see um! He'll see spang through um!*

"An' He'll say: 'Lean de silver spyglass erginst de throne, an' lif' up de speakin' trumpet dat's made er gol'!' An' de angels'll do it. Twenty angels it'll take ter lif' up de speakin' trumpet dat's made er gol'!

"An' den de Lawd Jesus'll put His mouth ter de speakin' trumpet, an' He'll holler out loud an' cl'are: 'Mistah Cap'n, yer hyeh Me?' " very slowly and solemnly: " '*Yer got er onbeliever on dat boat!* Yer'll have ter stop an' go back, Mistah Cap'n, an' lan' um—' "

Woodie's hand closed round the pistol, when his eye chanced to fall on Miss Jinny's face. Her look of quiet certitude startled him. He leaned forward, scarcely breathing.

" '—an' lan' um whar he belongs!' "

Miss Jinny cleared her throat, but Draper didn't notice.

" 'Back whar de brimstone's at, an' de fire—' "

Miss Jinny moved her chair, but Draper didn't even look her way.

" 'Back whar de smoke's a-curlin' out de groun', an'—' "

The sharp pounding of Miss Jinny's cane fell across his sentence and broke it as brittlely off as if it had been a rod of glass.

WOODIE dropped back limply into his seat. He opened his mouth to still the sound of his breathing. He grew weak under the surge of his relief. For a moment all that he could realize was that he hadn't had to shoot—that Miss Jinny had saved him from that.

She sat on the edge of her chair, as delicately separate as a white hepatica, looking straight at Draper, and as the sense of her sank into Woodie it seemed to him that she was a part of the backbone of life itself, and again he looked at the preacher with a flaming up of hope.

But the big Negro was staring at the white woman in blank amazement, without meeting her eyes, much as he might have stared at the roof if it had fallen in; uneasy only because the mood he had induced in his people had been threatened.

For a moment he was silent, while he reassembled his scattered powers. He shifted his weight until the floor creaked. He leaned forward and began to speak again, and Woodie's hope sank slowly and heavily. It was going to take more than the pounding of a cane to stop Zachariah Draper.

With his hand on his father's old pistol, that had never been pointed at anything bigger than a chicken-hunting skunk, he leaned forward breathlessly, while Draper, out of a deep instinct in such matters, and as though rebuking his antagonist, laid his tongue to stronger words than any of his own.

"De Good Book say"—with somber emphasis—" 'Take heed lest dere be in any uv yer an evil heart uv onbelief! Take heed, fer de sword uv Gawd am quick an' powerful, an' sharper dan any two-edged sword, piercin' even ter de dividin asunder uv de soul an' de sperret, an' uv de j'ints an' de marrow!' "

"Amen!" a woman said startlingly in a clear soprano; the others groaned in chorus, "A-amen! A-amen, brudder!" and the shattered mood of the people came together again.

Draper fanned it as a wind fans a prairie fire: "Brethren an' sisters, ef yer want ter lan' at de great white throne, yer got ter git shed uv dat evil heart uv onbelief!"

Tap, tap, went the cane, mild and premonitory, but he pretended not to hear.

"De Good Book say: 'He shall set de sheep on His right han', but de goats on de lef'. An' He shall say unter dem on de lef' han', Depart from me, ye cursed, inter everlastin' fire, prepared fer de Devil an' his angels!' "

A gleam came into his eye. He in his pulpit, in the midst of his people, and the white woman down there alone. . . ! Almost alone too, now in that part of the state: ten Negroes all about her now to every poverty-stricken white. . . ! He within his rights, and she a trespasser. . . ! His voice rolled out over her like a river:

"Yer got ter pull off from de goats! Yer got ter come inter de fold!"

HE CHANTED like a warrior leading hosts, with a rhythm as heavily marked as the beating of a drum.

"Ah been down yander in de canebrake, a-lookin' fer dem goats—a-studyin' in mah min' an' a-wrastlin' in mah soul! Ah been down yander in de canebrake, an' what yer think Ah see?"

A moan of anticipaton—pleasure and horror and fear—ran over his human harp strings. "What yer see, brudder?" "Glory, hallelujah!" "Praise de name er Jesus!" "What yer see?"

"Ah done see de Devil, de big, black, shiny Devil, a-scorchin' up de canebrake wid his breath!"

A bass voice began to moan heavily. An alto joined. Others took it up, improvising with a sure sense of harmony an elaborate background for Draper's trampling barytone.

"His tail was long an' shiny lak' er blacksnake! His eyes was lak' de haidlights on de train!"

Woodie shut his eyes and prayed. The long-continued pound of emotion had beaten from him all acquired white folks' methods of speech and feeling. "Gawd gimme strength," he prayed, "ter shoot um through de heart ef Ah have ter!"

The trampling barytone went on: "His feet was p'inted lak' er crowbar an' cloven in de midst, an' his mouth was lak' er watermillon full er seeds!"

Woodie sat there stiff and cold with sweat, in his excitement almost as white as a white boy. He looked childlike and harmless and pitiful, but he was the most dangerous kind of potential murderer: the determined coward, rapt out of himself past the reach of reason; ready to shoot when Draper's words should pull the trigger.

Draper's words crept toward it steadily. "His long white teeth was a-champin' an' a-scrunchin' an' a-gnashin'—*fer dem goats!*"

He got his people rocking and moaning to the drunken rhythm of his feelings and his words. He got them ten thousand miles away from the mind of the white woman, so that her lonely, pale face in their midst seemed strange and unnatural. And suddenly, under cover of the eerie din, he dropped like a waiting eagle straight for his prey:

"An' de Devil say ter me: *'Whar's dat backslider?'* "

Tap, tap, tap, insisted the cane, steady and sharp.

Woodie moved farther from his mother, for elbow room.

Tiny beads of sweat broke out on Draper's face, but he didn't swerve. " *'Whar's de man dat laid his 'ligion down?'*

"Gawd gimme strength!" Woodie prayed.

" 'He ain't so dark,' de Devil say, 'an' he ain't so light.' "

Woodie cocked the old pistol in his pocket.

" 'He's middle-sized,' de Devil say, 'an' he's got er limp—' "

Woodie leaned forward to shoot, but Miss Jinny was on her feet.

She had risen casually, as if to smooth the folds of the shawl that lay over the back of her chair, but the straight thrust of her keen blue eyes seeking the preacher's made the air between them crackle with life.

Draper drew himself up to the full of his enormous height. He was as superb and as sincere as a great coiled snake. He thrust out his jaw and frowned; his eyes lightened in the way they had, and the essential spirit within him met Miss Jinny's steadily.

The whole church held its breath. There was a moment of intense silence, through which the call of the flycatcher fanned its lazy way, and then an inward and spiritual something behind the frail old countenance broke something behind the big, glistening black face, with its prow of a nose, its curling lips and heavy jowl and restless, predatory eyes—broke it with a snap that might have been audible, so definite it was.

Draper raised his hand and lowered it; opened his mouth and closed it again; drew forth the polka-dotted handkerchief and mopped the perspiration from his face.

And then Miss Jinny sat down, and he found that he could speak.

But whatever it was that had snapped in him had snapped too in his people. An uneasy sense of shame lay over them. There wasn't one who didn't know Tampa Simmons as he knew his own hearthstone; not one whom the dead man hadn't helped and comforted when he could; who didn't believe in him as no human being had ever believed in Draper. The tide of feeling flowed away from the preacher; ebbed faster and faster with his every word.

He couldn't tell what was stopping him. He was like a bird trying to fly through the pane of a window. Because he could not see it, he thought there was nothing there, and battered himself to pieces against the realest thing in all that country, going down at last before his congregation, a beaten man, jabbering meaningless sentences out of which one fact only stood up: that the soul of Tampa Simmons went to heaven, where Miss Jinny Pickens wanted it to go.

And in the midst of the debacle a strange thing happened. Softly, spontaneously, without a leader, the people began to sing. "Done got over!" they sang:

Done got over!
Had a hard time;
Had to work so long;
But I done got over,
Done got over,
Done got over at last!

The deep, old, patient, humble melody fell upon them like the spirit of Christ, and they bowed their heads and sank to their knees, and most of them wept.

AND that night Woodrow Woodson Simmons, the son of Tampa Bay Florida Simmons, who was the son of Wisdom, a chattel without surname belonging to the Pickens estate; who was the son of Zebulon, likewise a slave; who was the son of a naked savage of the Congo jungle, walked alone through his native woods like a murderer reprieved, with a heart too big for his breast; and, throwing the old pistol far out into the swamp, caught the sound of the myriad feet of his people stumbling painfully along the way his father had traveled, out of the land of ignorance and out of the house of fear, and swore that some spark of his father's spirit should march in him at the head of that army until he died.

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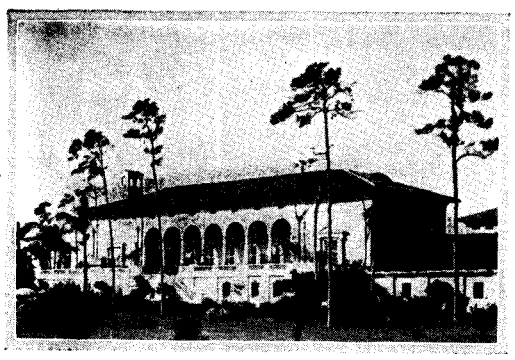
No wonder Coral Gables is one of the world's favored winter resorts . . .

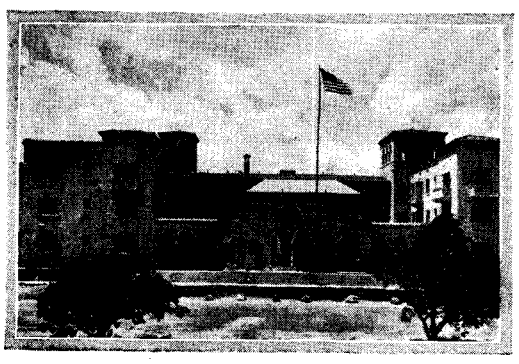
with 5 hotels, 102 apartment buildings, 2 country clubs . . . and golf, tennis, swimming, boating, riding . . . every day

This is the Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables. It is one of the most magnificent hotels in the world, representing a value of ten million dollars. It is the social and sport center of the entire Miami district.



The Miami-Biltmore Country Club has two of the finest 18-hole golf courses in the South. Another golf course, 10 tennis courts and 2 magnificent swimming pools are available to visitors as well as to residents.

This is the Venetia Apartments, one of the 102 completely finished apartment buildings in Coral Gables. Each is modern, substantial, beautifully designed and decorated.



CORAL GABLES is ready for its winter visitors with complete facilities for entertainment, for sport, and for the comfort and relaxation that our only American tropics offers during the winter. The many hotels and apartments meet all tastes and preferences. A wide range of rates and prices fit the limited as well as the unlimited income.

The rates for the Miami-Biltmore Hotel are low compared with other resort hotels of this type. They range from $8 to $14. Rates at the Hotel Casa Loma range from $5 to $7. . . . At the Hotel Antilla, $3 to $5. . . . At the Hotel San Sebastian, $2 to $5. . . . At the Hotel Cla-Reina, $1.50 to $6. . . . At the Coral Gables Inn, $1.50 to $4. All these rates are quoted for one person per day, European plan. Apartments range from $500 per month at the luxurious Venetia Apartments to $50 per month for more modest quarters. *The Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables directly controls all hotel prices and rates, and co-operates with visitors to the fullest extent.*

Coral Gables is within 40 hours by rail of three-fourths of the population of the United States. It may be quickly and easily reached by several steamship lines from New York and other Atlantic ports. It is within 12 hours' travel to Havana and 15 hours to Nassau. Dept. C-3 of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables will, upon request, send you any information you may require about Coral Gables. Write for it today. Spend your winter where the American tropics is at its best.

This is the Venetian Pool, famous for its tropical beauty as well as for its size. It is one of many facilities for sport and pleasure that make life so enjoyable in Coral Gables.

Music, dancing and entertaining programs enliven the restaurants in the Coral Gables Golf and Country Club, the Miami-Biltmore Hotel, the Miami-Biltmore Country Club, the Hotel Antilla and the Hotel Casa Loma.

A Unit of Greater **City of Coral Gables** *Miami, Florida*

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THEY CALL IT LOVE

Continued from page 21

said yes like a shot! How many days is it, sweetest, since you swore you weren't ever going to see your boy friend again?"

"But it was so unexpected, his telephoning to the office like that; and Mrs. Neale was all ears at my elbow, and I simply couldn't seem to think of any excuse on the spur of the moment. I didn't want to be rude—"

"Not only that, but you couldn't say no to Don Gerould if you tried."

"And, then, the first dance we had," Fay plowed on with the fidelity of desperation to her text, "he said he hoped we wouldn't think Duke didn't appreciate what a privilege it was to meet us, just because he was so quiet. He's always like that, Don said, only more so to-day because he's been crossed in love."

"Not really?" Lona in the act of putting off her hat paused to burlesque incredulity. "How?"

"I didn't like to ask; I couldn't make up my mind whether Don was only saying that in fun or not."

"Well! It's a big order to believe any girl could get her own consent to cheat on that dumb Otis. Still, he had been drinking, and maybe it was to forget his woes. Oh, yes, my dear! Duke had absorbed quite a few before we met him, even if he did behave like a perfect gentleman with a pain in his middle. If that's the way he cuts up when lit, I'd as soon go to church any day as work out an hour's sentence to his cold-sober company."

IN SPITE of the giggle which honored the brilliance of this libel, Fay chose to dispute it. "He can't be anything like so old. . . . Besides, I thought you didn't care for young men."

"I said I hadn't much use for them if they were less than forty; that isn't old, unless the man married so young he's lost hope. I suppose Duke's under thirty, really, but the way he takes life, a person would think he'd cut his milk teeth on his wedding ring."

"He isn't married; and that isn't his reputation at all. Hattie Neale's been telling me about the Geroulds. She says Duke's precisely like his father, and Don's almost as bad. But I don't believe that."

"You wouldn't!"

"It's funny," Fay continued pensively, leaving that implication to wilt neglected, "I never thought, the other night when Hattie was so excited about meeting him, to connect Don with *the* Geroulds. Somehow the name doesn't sound the way it looks in print, I suppose; that must have been why I was so stupid."

"Anyhow, you'd naturally think *the* Geroulds too gosh-awful grand to mingle with the herd, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, no," Fay in entire naïveté replied; "but when people have such sloughs of money, and every move they make seems to get into the newspapers, you don't expect to meet them casually, in the ordinary course. . . . I mean, you don't if you've fallen into the habit of thinking of yourself as undeserving poor."

"Don't I know!" Lona made a parting face at Lona and deserted the mirror. "Isn't it sickening, dear, to want and want, and go on wanting year in and year out, without the least hope of better days? When I remember how dead-and-alive I used to feel at home . . ." The girl delayed to purr over the sybaritic state which she enjoyed to-day as sublessee of the rooms abandoned by that putative friend of Carl Lander's. "I'd rather die than go back!"

Fay hoped her friend would never have to, and Lona sank down upon the sofa to give her a squeeze.

"Don't worry, you sweet, unselfish thing; I never will."

"I'm not; and I'd give anything to feel half as confident of my future as you seem to be of yours."

"You can, any time you want to. A girl's simply got to look life in the face nowadays and make an honest bargain with it; that's all."

"Lona!" Fay, in the new disquiet brewed by still another veiled disclosure of a heart outside her ken, sat back with a clouding countenance. "Whatever do you mean?"

The fair head was shaken so vigorously, so gayly, its abbreviated tresses fluffed out like a living numbus. "Don't you wish you knew!"

"I think you're mean. . . . I tell you everything."

"You're only a kid," Lona teased, "too young to understand. For goodness' sake! Don't look so solemn, you'll give me the heebs."

"You never will."

"I wish I could be sure. People are so rotten: the things they say about any girl who has to live alone."

"Nobody could make me believe a word against you."

"Not if it happened to be the God's honest truth? I mean, everybody makes mistakes, and a girl in my position is so apt to do foolish things without thinking and get herself talked about."

"As if I didn't know that!"

"Fay. . . ."

The fair girl in an impulsive start leaned over to lay hold of eager hands, but whatever her heart had been moved to confide waited on a tongue more chary, and a web of curious tension si-

Ruthless Rhymes

"Ma," Sis yelled, "guess what I seen!
Billy's drinking gasoline!"
"That's all right," said Ma McCoyl;
"Pa's bought stock in Standard Oil."

H. Cizek,
Chicago, Ill.

Young Adolphus Bertram Dunny
Married old Miss Jane for money;
But just as soon as they were wed,
"I've lost it all," the lady said.

K. M. MacDonnell,
New York, N. Y.

The lightning came in brilliant flashes
And reduced Sam Smith quite all to ashes.
"He's got the habit," cried his wife;
"He's scattered ashes all his life."

Florence K. Williams,
Buffalo, Wyo.

Collier's will pay TEN DOLLARS *apiece for Ruthless Rhymes that are accepted. They must be no longer than four lines each. None will be returned.*

"But you say such things. . . ."

"Look at me, Fay." A Lona suddenly half-sobered caught her disciple by the shoulders. "Do I look to you like a lost woman?"

"Of course not! Only too divine. Lona," Fay ardently protested, "I do think you're the loveliest thing that ever breathed."

"I don't know just how to take that," Lona finessed, however crudely. "What you really mean is, I expect, I'm too good looking to be trusted."

"I don't anything of the sort. Nobody could possibly be so beautiful and —damned!"

"Couldn't they? Beautiful women have been ever since the world began, going on all one reads. But if you won't let history tell you anything, I don't see what you're so upset about."

"I don't either, quite," Fay was fain to confess. "I guess I can't help sounding silly. But I perfectly adore you, Lona, and you know it; and nothing you could ever do would make any difference with me—I'll always worship you, dearest."

"I hope so." This was a wistful Lona, one till then to Fay a stranger. "I've never had a real friend, only Jerry—the poor old maid I used to room with when I was stenoging in Chicago—and Jerry never understood me, really. If I should lose you, sweet, I don't know what I'd do."

lently spun itself between them while they clung to each other, Lona with an enigmatic smolder in the eyes that searched and exacted but never gave, Fay softly aglow with the response of generous affections.

"Oh, Fay, sweet!" The clutching fingers tightened. "Promise you'll never turn against me."

"Never! I promise with all my heart, but you know I'll never."

THEY swayed together, kissed like lovers. And, resting in another lull speechless and blissful, Fay conceived that their very souls were knitting. . . .

"You darling! Of course I knew. But I had to hear you promise."

"Why, Lona?"

"Because there's something I want to consult you about; something I couldn't possibly discuss so long as there was any chance of your misunderstanding. But now I feel sure of you. . . ."

"Gracious!" In delicious agitation, feeling that this close heart was at last about to yield up its mystery, Fay broke from that embrace to show a face of unalloyed sympathy. "What is it, Lona?"

"First, tell me something. . . ."

"You know I haven't any secrets from you."

"Well, then: suppose Don Gerould was in love with you, what would you do?"

"But he couldn't be when he's in love with someone else and going to marry her!"

The smile which worldly wisdom shaped was fond and patient. "But suppose Don found out he'd been mistaken, you were the one he truly loved; I mean, found it out too late, after he had married. . . . What would you do?"

"What could I do?" a troubled voice expostulated. "Refuse to see him, I suppose. What else could I?"

"But could you do that, even? You're madly in love with him already, you know you are, and anybody can see he's wild about you. Be honest, dear. Isn't it true?"

"I—I'm afraid it is. I've tried so hard to believe he was just being courteous and friendly, but since this afternoon. . . . I don't know! It's dreadfully difficult to know what to do. He hasn't actually made love to me yet, you know—"

"Not in words, perhaps."

"That's just it," a woeful small wail admitted. "He doesn't have to say one word to make me feel it's true."

"And you're going to see him again —how soon?"

"Well, he begged me to have luncheon with him one day this week. . . ."

"And you didn't refuse?"

"I tried to. . . ."

"I KNOW! You couldn't forget about Letty Delavan, and still you couldn't be snooty. Well, then, suppose they were married already: would you find it any easier to say no to Don?"

"But I'd have to, naturally."

"Oh! Would you?"

"I wouldn't dream of meeting any man without his wife's knowledge. Anyway, I wouldn't have to; Don would never dream of asking me to do anything so treacherous."

"Poor darling! You have got it bad, haven't you?"

"Men aren't all alike. And if they are—Don isn't."

The stare this drew was that of one who comes upon a freak of nature unawares, and the curt laugh that went with it cried frustration.

"Lona! You're a beast to be so cynical."

"Don't be cross, sweet. I didn't mean to be nasty; I was only fishing. . . ."

"For what?"

The door bell interposed; and with such alacrity as advertised a welcome for any excuse to fob off the inevitable, Lona jumped up.

"That'll be Dora."

"Who?"

"Didn't I tell you? I couldn't think what to do about dinner last night, it was my first here and I do so hate to feed by myself; and the superintendent said the boarding-house across the street would be all right for me to go to alone. It's a perfect hole and the food's ghastly, but I sat next to this Dora Walter—she lives there between jobs; she's on the stage, a dancer—and we got talking, and it ended in my asking her to come out with me for dinner to-night. She's a funny little trick, but quite pretty and full of the devil—you're sure to like her."

But it was not Miss Walter who was found waiting in the cramped and dim corridor for the revised dwelling that was Lona's latest haven: it was Beau.

Resentment of an interruption so untimely was short-lived and soon forgotten in covert delight. The imp in Fay, indeed, all but succeeded in strangling the girl then and there; it needed a heroic will to deny the gurgle that welled to the significance of this belated call; as it was, the effort wrote itself readably enough in cheeks of sudden heat and eyes that danced their answer to a brotherly lower.

"Good evening, Miss Schell," the boy said with a taut formality that discovered a new side of Beau the social animal to one who had imagined she knew him; and when he had thrown out a

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Harnessing the "TOOLS *of* LAW *and* ORDER"

AN INTERVIEW WITH
HAROLD WESSON

PRESIDENT OF
SMITH & WESSON

HOW a great firm that manufactures revolvers merchandises its products so they will have a good name and will play a part in preserving law and order has been told to Collier's by Mr. Harold Wesson, President of Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Massachusetts.

The Company is over seventy-five years old; its reputation runs throughout American history in two centuries and its proudly named products have been side-arms for American officers in every recent war in which the United States has been involved.

"There was a time when the manufacture and sale of revolvers was unrestricted in the United States," said Mr. Wesson. "That was back in the days when manufacturers in almost all lines confined their efforts entirely to manufacturing and to getting their goods into the hands of persons who would sell them. No matter what a factory made, in those days, the manufacturer himself did not devote any great effort toward selling his wares to the general public. His contact was with the wholesaler alone. Similarly, there was a time in the history of this Company, when one man in New York City purchased the entire output of the factory.

Merchandising Methods of the Past

"I do not know, in all the world of American industry, a finer instance than this of the old-fashioned method of merchandising, though the method was common at that time. This man, who took it upon himself to sell to the public our entire output, was not in any way under control of our factory. Indeed, the factory was under his control, more or less. It ran full blast when he needed goods and it ran slack when he found he could not sell them.

"How this man sold revolvers, where he sold them, how he protected the good name of the manufacturer and of his products were matters of his own personal actions and principles. But many, many products of factories were sold in that fashion in those times.

Present-Day Merchandising Protects Public

"But a change came to pass in our business that has, indeed, come to pass in almost every other manufacturing business in America. We found that we, as manufacturers, must follow our wares all the way through to the dealer and beyond him to the public itself. We found that merely manufacturing revolvers was not enough. We discovered that we must keep up the good name of our revolvers as tools of law and order and we must do all in our power to insure that our products reached those people who would co-operate in the proper use of the revolver and help to maintain law and order.

"Every manufacturer has been taken into new fields in these modern days of merchandising and this firm was no exception. We studied the public and its needs. We knew that the revolver had a place in American life. We knew, for instance, that the automobile which has carried the American home into the suburbs and into the country has, by that same token, carried the American home away from the immediate protection of the policeman's revolver.

"The first thing for us to do to protect the name of the revolver as an implement of security and of law and order was to begin a fight against indiscriminate sale of such weapons. We are against the mail order sale of revolvers. We know that to protect the reputation of the revolver we must, if possible, persuade lawmakers to prevent the interstate distribution of revolvers except between the manufacturer and the distributor. It is *not right* for everyone in America to have a revolver. No one is more anxious and earnest over that point than ourselves.

"We want our distributors to sell revolvers only to proper persons for proper reasons, so it is part of our merchandising plan to uphold the reputation of our products by taking them out of the hands of criminals. We must go to law for aid in doing this so we are asking lawmakers for their co-operation along those lines which will bring about the desired result.

Aiding Officers of the Law

"Further than this, it is now part of our merchandising plan to teach law enforcement officers how to use our products. Indeed we go even further than this. Today we have a policeman's school here at Springfield where policemen students, sent here from all over the country, are taught not only how to shoot but how to handle prisoners safely without resorting to the use of the revolver.

"Policemen go back to their homes from this school and become teachers of their fellow policemen.

"There was a time when the criticism of the use of our products puzzled us greatly but that was in the days before we really engaged in modern merchandising and when we confined our efforts almost entirely to manufacture. But the modern day trend in merchandising compelled us to get out of the factory and go into the public field ourselves. Our puzzle was solved when we adopted present-day merchandising methods and began to know as much about the public, its needs, its home-life, its problems, its dependence upon law and order and security — as we had previously known about how to make good revolvers."

One of a series of informative interviews with American business leaders. This shows the public what present-day merchandising is doing toward safeguarding the distribution of the "tools of law and order"

Products of SMITH & WESSON *are advertised in*
Collier's, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THEY CALL IT LOVE

Continued from page 36

hasty "Oh, hello, Fay!" labored on in the same strange constraint: "I've fetched the lease for you to sign. Mr. Lander left word for me not to forget. . . . Hope you don't mind my turning up with it at this hour. When Mr. Lander's away it's hard to make time for outside errands except on the way home."

Fay generously forbore to ask why Beau had preferred not to trust the lease to the mails, and if Lona was affected by a like thought she made no sign.

"Of course I don't mind—you're very welcome! Do come in and smoke a cigarette and tell Fay and me what to do. We've just this minute come in from tea, and now we're wondering where girls can go to dine alone and not be—misunderstood."

"Thank you," Beau as stiffly, and yet uncertainly, replied; "I'll be glad—"

Lona closed the door and posed briefly by it, absently tapping the nails of one hand with the document which Beau had tendered and enveloping him in a bright and curiously impenetrable regard: all at once another entirely than the girl who had so lately been melting into an intimately confidential mood; not ill pleased on her part, perhaps, with this saving intervention, and stimulated as well by the mute tribute of Beau's attitude, but amazingly transfigured into a cool, brisk and surfaced young woman of the world, sure of herself and no whit less of Beau. A psychologic phenomenon which Fay observed and understood for once without sympathy—with, in fact, something not far short of indignation: it was all very well for a girl to be on her guard with men in general, but Beau, like Don, was different. . . .

"THAT'S a comfy chair," Lona indicated with a nod of her charming head; "and those cigarettes aren't bad, unless you like your own brand best—so many do. Sorry I can't offer you anything to drink."

"Thanks." Beau sat down, Fay thought and later told him, as though he darkly suspected a perverted sense of humor in Lona, manifested in designs upon his dignity. "I don't very often drink anything nowadays—don't much trust this Northern liquor. Our moonshine back home is wicked stuff as a rule, but safer."

"I must get somebody to recommend a reliable bootlegger," Lona took the lease to the desk. "Perhaps Mr. Lander. . . . But he's out of town, you tell me."

"Left for Chicago to-day on the Twentieth Century. I don't just know how soon he expects to be back."

Lona's reply was a noise intended to indicate abstraction as she pored over the paper with a plumed quill poised, seeking the space for her signature; and Beau, oozing smoke, by main strength broke the continuity of his attention to her, turning it instead to the changes which she had already made in the living-room.

The sound if fairly sybaritic taste that had been responsible for its first decoration and arrangement was unmistakably a man's: as unmistakably it was a pretty woman who tenanted the premises to-day. The rent of the bare flat could hardly be less than the sum which Lona was to pay for it furnished. Then, too, somebody with a deep purse had already been busy in her behalf at a fashionable florist's.

A hand at rest on the arm of the chair closed upon itself before Beau became conscious that he was under his sister's quizzical observation. The recessed eyes immediately were dense.

"Mother know you aren't coming home to dinner, Fay?"

"Not yet; I was just going to call up. . . ."

"There." Lona returned from the desk, flourishing the lease to dry unblotted ink. "I haven't read it. I tried to, but couldn't make head or tail of all those legal terms, but I'm sure it's all right, coming from Mr. Lander."

"Yes," Beau said, punctiliously rising. "I reckon you needn't fret about not getting a square deal from him."

His tone was perhaps too colorless. A flashing glance lifted to measure his. But the boy, if guilty of any arrière-pensée, now had himself in better hand; his face was a mask merely of civil heed, inscrutable even when her look grew more complaisant.

"You needn't bother phoning Mother, Fay; I'll explain."

"But you haven't half finished your cigarette!" Lona remonstrated—"or told us yet where to go for dinner."

"I don't believe I know any good place, Miss Schell—"

"Aren't you going to call me Lona? It seems so stilted not to—don't you think, Beau?—when Fay and I are such pals."

"But I really don't know much about New York ways, Lona." Beau honored this friendly innovation with a ceremonious bow. "You see, I'm still pretty much a greenhorn up here."

"Then I don't know what we're going to do," the fair girl said in a plaintive drawl, while the smile that held Beau continued gracious and provocative—"unless you'll be a dear and come along with us. It's Dutch treat, you know, because Fay simply insists on paying her own way always, even down to bus fares. . . ."

"I'm sorry," Beau professed. Fay heard him strike a dogged note and knew that he was sorely tempted. "I'd like to, but I'm afraid—"

The door bell drowned his objection down, and Lona made needless haste to answer it.

"Please, Beau!" Fay whispered. "I want you to."

He gave her an almost hunted look, tightened his lips, shook his head.

"This is Dora," a gay voice announced.

Lona led in by the hand, as a shy child is led into the presence of "parlor company," a girl of approximately Fay's age who looked years younger; mignon, elfin, and with all that robustly alive. On dark hair that proved, for all its close cropping, an untamable will to curl, a scarlet beret had a rakish slant; her jacket, of the same cloth, was of the tailored type, and a black velvet skirt had been docked to the last extreme with more excuse than is the rule. The warmth of her color was, if not native, a work of fine art, and the red of her lips never a flat, plastered coat.

"Miss Walter, this is Mr. Lascelles; and this is Fay, Dora: his sister and my best friend."

The child ducked her head to Beau, let a timid hand falter into Fay's, and, looking back to her hostess with big, wondering eyes, faltered: "Oh, a man! Why didn't you tell me it was going to be a party?"

"I didn't know," Lona laughed; "it's just a happen-so. Beau—that's Mr. Lascelles—"

"You didn't have to tell *me*, dearie!"

"BEAU dropped in to see me on business, and Fay and I have wheedled him into taking us to dinner."

"But I'm afraid I can't," Beau began again: "Mother—"

"Oh, yes, you can!" Fay contradicted. "I'm going home to Mother, and you're going to give Lona and Miss Walter a treat."

"Treat," Miss Walter commented, making shameless eyes at Beau, "is putting it mildly."

"I mean, maybe you can take them to a picture, or something, after dinner. I'd have to run home, anyway; I've got some sketches to do before I go to bed—promised Mrs. Neale I'd turn them in first thing to-morrow morning. So there's no sense in your not staying, Beau. Besides, I want you to know each other better. Won't you, dear? Just to please me!"

Lona said never a word, but her countenance for Beau was kind and constant.

"All right!" He gave in with a sign of despairing hands, and for the first time since he had entered showed his unforced smile. "A fellow can't be an anchorite with three pretty women nagging him—I'm game!"

"But not another word about a Dutch treat," Fay breathed aside to Lona. "It would spoil everything; he's too vain."

She: "Who's that man?"
He: "That's a night watchman."
She: "I shouldn't think they'd need to hire a man to stay up all night just to watch that little fire."

EVEN alone in the windy dark, on the roof of the bus that deliberately lumbered uptown with her—taxis being too expensive except for gala occasions, and loss of time immaterial because Fanny Lascelles thought it uncivilized to dine before eight—Fay couldn't find it in her heart to rue that sacrifice of personal inclination. She adored her brother, and Beau was working very hard those days and had few pleasures. To make it possible for him to spend an evening in the society of a girl who so patently had bewitched him was the least a well-disposed sister could do. Lona too had made what she wanted plain enough. If through Fay's agency two people, individually so lovable and lonely, should come to an understanding, it would be, she insisted, too wonderful!

She hugged herself with more excuse than the delicious thrill which that hope afforded. The wind booming down the Hudson valley that night searched through the poor protection of her cloak and once more reminded Fay that the state of her wardrobe was precarious. Something magic in the way of a remedy would have to be managed if she were to go on the way she was going. Lona was much too smart to enjoy continuous association with a frump.

And Don. . . .

The question had become importunate: was she to go on, as Lona would say, "playing round with Don?"

But how, wanting his coöperation, to leave off?

And everything that afternoon—the color of his gaze, the accent of his speech for her, the simple touch of hands that nevertheless had never, even during their dances, presumed to offer a meaning pressure—everything told that she might hope for no help from Don.

In love with a man who belonged to another. . . . She was angry with herself, and ashamed, and would not for anything in the world have been otherwise than as she was, anxious, at her wits' very ends and—in love!

And if she had wanted confirmation of her insight into Don's mind, she had it immediately after coming into her mother's placid presence.

"There's a package for you in your room," Fanny informed her.

"A package? But I haven't bought anything to-day. . . ."

"I never supposed you had. That's why I told Virgie to leave it in your room. I thought you might prefer to open it—alone. Somebody"—Fanny's voice pursued the girl down the corridor—"somebody must love you a lot."

The box that rested on her bed was a long one, but too short for its rich burden: one end had been broken out to accommodate the stems of roses whose crimson burning dimmed even the splendor of Lona's. The card that came with them said simply:

De tout mon cœur—
If you don't know it!—
DON.

(To be continued next week)

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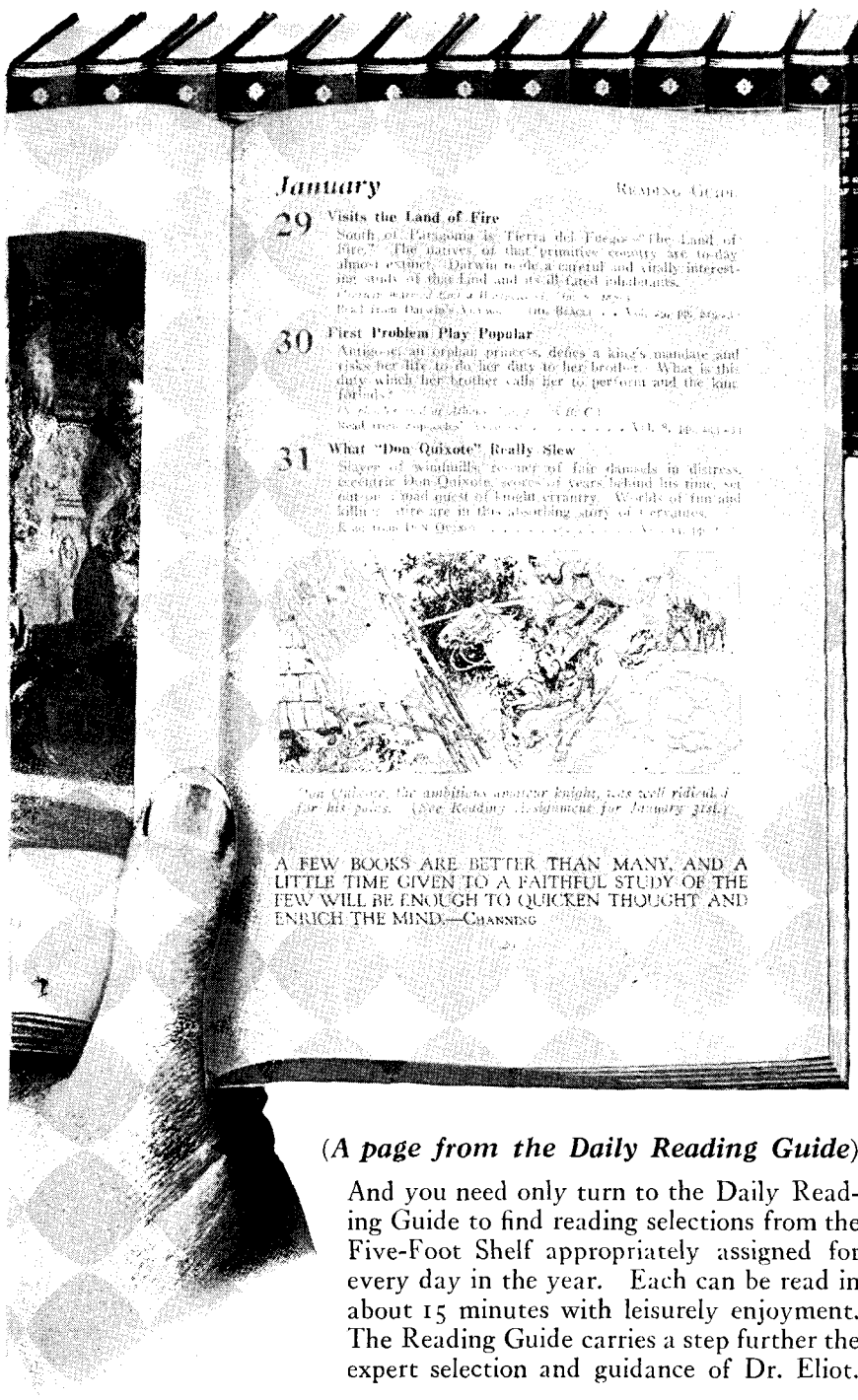

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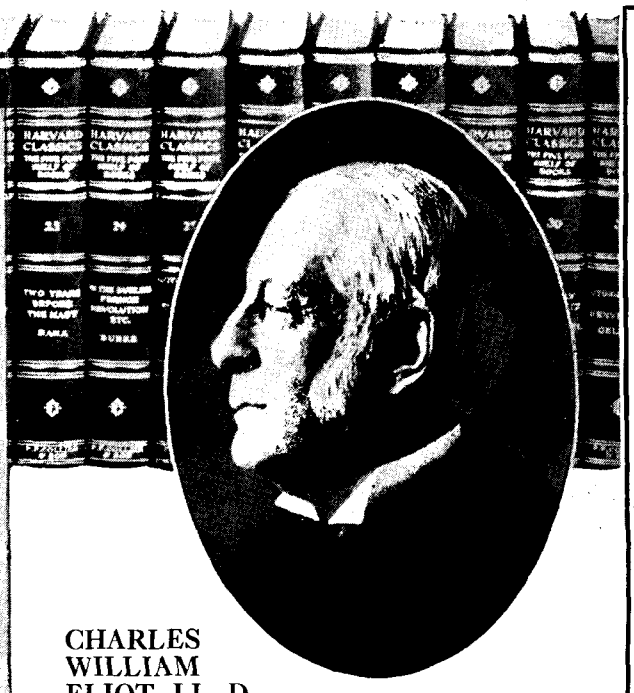

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THE MALABAR PEARL

Continued from page 17

woman moved past. The man glanced back, over his mother's shoulder Anabel gave him a bright nod. Mr. Weeker smiled vaguely, then composed his features and walked on.

"Intwoduce me."

"It's no use while his mother's around. She wouldn't approve of you, Gertie."

"If we sit wight here maybe he'll come back. He was th'owing a wicked look."

"Look here, Gertie, are you going right after the Weeker money?"

"Woman to woman, yes. . . . Look, there's a boy from Cincinnati I used to know. If the Weeker man comes back, hang on to him, will you?"

Anabel took off her hat and sank back in the big chair. It was a relief to be alone. That girl, all said and done, was an ungoverned little animal. She closed her eyes. The sensation of illness was gone now, but she felt limp. And bruised in spirit. Murder had been done. Tragedy. Gertie had actually witnessed it with hardly a shiver. How were you to account for a girl like that? Certainly a hard but sound judgment possessed the child. She'd been right enough about keeping their mouths shut. Anabel realized, even in this wan hour, that she couldn't permit them to detain her. She had no money; little more than her ticket. And difficulties enough facing her; a living to work out somehow over there in that bustling, bristling America. Wilfred Weeker hadn't recognized her. She smiled over that. Would he come back? She rather hoped so. Her eyes slowly opened . . . he *had* come back . . . was standing by a table, turning over the British magazines there. Hovering. Pride stirred in her breast, and a returning courage. Now he was peeping around.

SHE smiled and nodded. Hesitantly, with a trace of the furtive expression she remembered, he came toward her. A puzzled man. She could have laughed.

She spoke his name and gave him her hand. He held it, mumbling something or other. There was too much of the old-fashioned sort of self-consciousness in the man to permit the frank admission that he couldn't place her. His eyes, meanwhile, were almost crudely taking her in; the demure, pretty face, the close-clipped boyish head, and the slim small body.

"I'm Anabel Cayne, of Coventry," she said, looking straight up into his face. "I used to see you when you came into the library." And then she watched the color come.

He busied himself drawing up a chair. Was there a modern strain of any sort in the man, or only that Victorian evasiveness? She'd find out. Probe him. It was diverting. The commonplace mouse of the home library was a bit of a person now and meant to use her power. Gertie planned to get right after him, did she? They'd see about that.

"What on earth are you doing out here?" he asked. It wasn't a bad recovery.

"Me? Oh, I'm on the Sargasso."

"No! Really? And we're on the Campobello. Remarkable."

Anabel pursed her pretty lips. "I don't know. Everybody has to be somewhere, after all. Are you doing the Kandy trip?"

"We were. But mother's feeling the heat. I think she has about made up her mind to stay right here. Are you?"

"No. Staying on the ship. I can't afford the optional trips."

"It's expensive business." He sighed. "Look here, why don't we have a cup of tea somewhere? Tell you what. We'll pick up a car and run out to Mount Lavinia."

"That would be delightful."

"Right now, what? Before anybody gets you away from me."

This wasn't bad at all.

So she laughed and went outside with him. She couldn't explain that the real point was to get him away before a certain calculating child could steal him.

Palms slanted, careless, haphazard, over the lapping water. Catamarans lay along the beach. Shining brown children paddled languidly. The wide hotel front, bathed in equatorial sunshine, smiled out at an oily ocean.

"I've never been understood in Coventry." He fingered the scalloped edge of the awning. "It isn't my fault. You see, Mother . . . I oughtn't to talk about that, but . . . really, I don't quite know what's come over me."

"When we're so far from home, I suppose it's natural to let down," she murmured, encouragingly.

"Maybe they won't stare in Coventry."

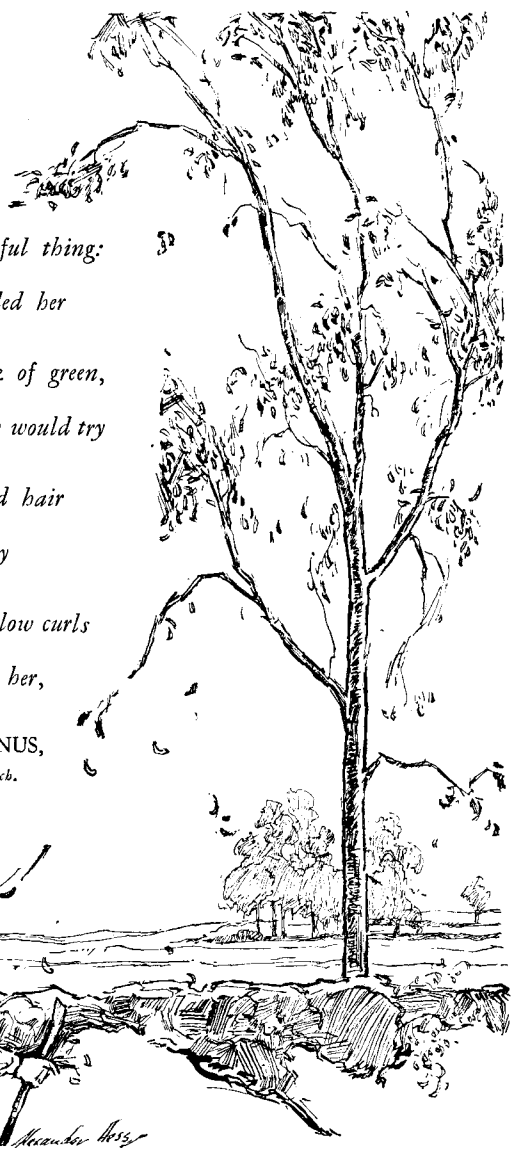
"At me? I'm never going back there."

"Oh, come!"

"Why should I? There's really nothing there for me." This brought an expression of such frank alarm to his face that she could have laughed out.

"Well . . . it's queer for me to be talking in this way . . . I mean, when we haven't been together two hours. But here we are. Within three days, you sail West and I sail East. Only three days. I'm going to see just as much of you as you'll let me. What have you to say to that?"

Eternal Feminine



The birch tree did a frightful thing:
She dyed her hair!
And though the others chided her
She didn't care.

She said that she was sick of green,
So common too;
She said she guessed that she would try
Another hue.

Said she: "Of golden-colored hair
I'm very fond."
And so one fine October day
Found her a blonde.

With pride she shook her yellow curls
Out to the sun;
And soon the others copied her,
Yes, every one!

—THEODORA MACMANUS,
Stonycroft, Pontiac, Mich.

"That's it, of course. Gives one a chance to stop and think. Really there's not much to do out here *except* stop and think. Funny, the years you and I have passed each other on the street. . . ."

"You were always driving to the eight-twenty-three while I walked to the library."

"And I never dreamed you were like this."

"Me?" Anabel had surrendered herself to the soft air, the slumbrous tropical sense of physical ease and a pleasant new consciousness of mastery over men. "Oh, I wasn't. I've changed. I'm afraid I'm a pretty sophisticated woman of the world."

He chuckled. He couldn't keep his eyes off her. "That's just plain funny. You look about nineteen, and you're pretty as the devil. I don't know what you've done to yourself, but . . ." Sensing his own clumsiness, he stopped short.

She didn't smile. "All I did was to have my hair cut and buy some pretty clothes. Simple enough."

"The result isn't simple. I find you exciting."

She smiled lazily.

Softly, with the barest hint of a smile, she replied, "I don't know that I could help myself."

"Just one thing. [This in a low, fierce voice.] You said you had changed. Tell me, was it a . . . a man that . . . well, changed you?"

"No. Not a man."

"There . . . there isn't anybody? I mean, you're not engaged or anything?"

SHE smiled reflectively. "Not anything."

"You know I could be crazy about you."

She said nothing to that.

"Of course you see what I'm getting at. I suppose I'll be asking you to marry me. I'm not so old. It would mean a sacrifice, maybe. Mother would cut me out of her will. But Father left me some money. And I've got a share in the business. . . . No, don't say anything. Not yet. I've got to face this thing. My part of it. If I bring it to an issue, it might as well be here in Ceylon as anywhere. She'll make me seem a brute. Maybe I am one. Just selfish. I don't know. But . . . tell me this, if I send word that I won't be back at the Galle Face until later in the evening will you stay on here and have dinner with me? Will you do that much?"

Anabel smoothed her skirt over her slender thighs. His eyes were devouring her. And he was breathing heavily. She'd sworn she wouldn't return to Coventry. But how about going back as Mrs. Wilfred Weeker?

"It would be nice to have dinner here," she said.

IT WAS after nine when they entered the lounge of the Galle Face. Gertie was curled up in a chair where she could watch the door. Terrified eyes staring out of a white face. She rushed to them and exhibited . . . more to the big, good-looking man than to Anabel . . . a purple bruise on her shapely arm and another on her neck. "I was going back to the ship," she explained. "Just getting into a wickshaw when a man twied to gwab my bag. A bwown man."

"Good heavens!" murmured Anabel.

"When I stwuggled, he hit me. I scweamed, and a policeman came. And the door man. Then he wan off."

"Did you tell them at the desk?"

Quickly the girl shook her head. "He didn't get the bag."

"But they ought to know, child!"

"I'm not going to have them making a fuss over me. And don't you say a word."

"Well, but really . . ."

"I'll see you safely back," said Mr. Weeker.

Anabel liked the way this man took hold. She'd never been protected. The sensation was pleasant. She *had* misjudged him.

He wouldn't say good night on the landing but went out with them on the tender and climbed the gangway. On deck Gertie hung forlornly about until a quiet look from Anabel drove her to say good night. Then the two stood by the rail, looking out at the moonlit harbor and its ghostly throng of craft that were like living things.

He giggled nervously, and for the second time in their long acquaintance caught at her hand. Impassively she let him have it.

"I can't let you go like this," he said, shaking with emotion. "It's my chance, and I'm going to take it. Will you marry me, Anabel?"

She stood motionless. How her thoughts raced! "I'm hard," she thought. "Calculating and hard. Life has done that to me. I've been just a dreamer, and it isn't a world for dreamers. It's a crude world. You have to have money. Gertie was righter than she knew, poor kid."

"Your mother would have to know first," she said.

"If I tell her, face it out with her, will you marry me? I tell you, I've got to, sooner or later. Why not settle it now? Within two months we'll both be back home. It'll seem queer, sailing off day after to-morrow in opposite directions round the world. But if we're engaged . . . oh, Anabel, will you? You must! I've got to have you! I can't stand it any longer!"

"I will," she said.

In his transport of long stifled emotion he didn't seem aware that her lips were passive.

"We'll have tea again to-morrow, Anabel. I'll meet you at Galle Face at four."

"All right. I'll leave you now. I'm tired. Good night."

He stood alone by the rail. The great clean ship was still. The mountains of Ceylon loomed like faintly opalescent clouds beyond the tangle of mast and rigging. He drew a long breath; nearly choked on it; then giggled like a boy. At the sound of a quick light step, he started.

It proved to be the pert girl with the bruises. A pretty little devil, of the shameless modern sort.

"I've waited to speak to you," she said.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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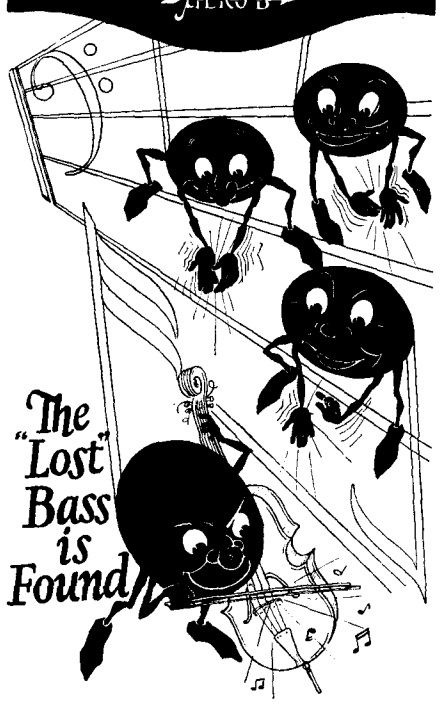
"Putting Over Open D"

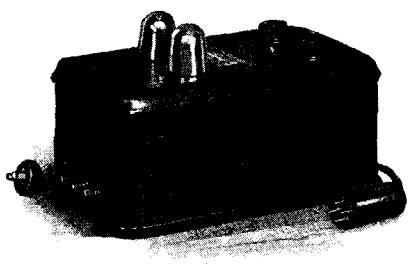
AERO B



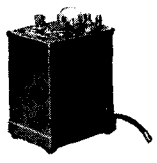
THE Aero B Amplipower makes possible on your radio the *exact reproduction* of *every* note of every instrument. Deep resonant bass notes that are the heart of real music are brought to life with all their richness of tone. When the bass viol booms out its low D the Amplipower will push it through your loud speaker with the deep, resonant clarity of the instrument itself.

The Amplipower will make the tone of your radio as much better as the tone of the new talking machine is better than the old, if your set and loud speaker are of the better kind.

The Amplipower supplies *all* of the "B" current for the set, as well as the A, B and C voltage for the built-in high voltage power tube that makes possible greatly increased vol-



ume with absolute fidelity of tonal reproduction—both instrumental and vocal. Can be attached to any set in a few minutes, in the same manner as "B" batteries. Price $65.00 without tubes. If your dealer hasn't the Amplipower or Aero B power unit write us.



Aero B is also built as a "B" power unit without the high voltage power tube—price $50.00 complete.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
Radio Division Cleveland, Ohio

AERO B
Amplipower and "B" Power Units

THE MALABAR PEARL

Continued from page 40

He smiled indulgently.

"Come over here under the light. I want to show you something." With trembling fingers she opened the bag and produced a shining silvery object. "Ever see anything like that?"

He held it up and turned it around in his fingers. "What on earth . . ."

"You know what it is, don't you?"

"I should say it was one of the most valuable pearls in the world. But where did you ever get it?"

"Found it."

"Found it?"

"Certainly. You don't take me for a thief, do you?"

"Of course not."

"I tell you I found it. In the woad."

"Just a minute! I'm wondering if this pearl wasn't the cause of that attack on you to-night."

"Oh, yes, of couwse. But listen. I want to sell it. I've got to."

"Why?"

"Because I need the money. Simple."

"But that would be . . ."

"Would be what? I tell you I didn't steal it! I'm not wesponsible. But of couwse I can't sell it here in Ceylon. Now you're going on awound the world day after to-mowwow. You can sell it somewhere. Get a fortune for it. Nobody'd ever twouble you. Will you buy it?"

ROUND and round he twisted it, under the deck light, fascinated by the glistening impenetrable beauty of the nacreous masterpiece.

"It's a fine bit of property."

"Sure it is. What will you give me for it?"

"I'd have to think it over."

"There isn't time."

"Well, considering the risk and all, suppose I offered you a thousand dollars."

Gertie stamped her foot. "But it's worth . . ."

"There's no way of telling what I could get for it. Certainly nowhere near its value."

"I thought you'd say maybe twenty-five thousand. It's worth five or six times that. Maybe ten times."

"Hardly that. See here, just to help you out, I'll say fifteen hundred."

"But that isn't fair." The girl's face was contorted, and tears were in her eyes.

"Not fair? I don't get that. Why, my dear girl, you can't keep it. You can't even go ashore now. Don't you see, they know you've got it. Somebody knows. Your life wouldn't be safe. In fact, I don't really know why I should run such a risk for you."

Gertie's knees sagged. She hadn't thought this all out. She reached to the hand rail for support.

"Well," she got out finally, "well, I suppose maybe . . ."

"You evidently don't quite understand what a favor I'm trying to do you."

"All wight," she said. "Fifteen hundwed."

"I'll keep the pearl," said he, not unkindly. "That ought to make it possible for you to sleep comfortably. You look all in."

"I am," she whimpered. "But where's the money?"

"Good Lord! I don't carry that much around. I'll send it over here to-morrow. My letter of credit and traveler's checks are in the purser's safe, you see."

"But there's only one more day. You won't forget? Where'd I be then?"

"I won't forget. Now you just run along and try to get some rest. And I wouldn't go ashore again if I were you."

A harbor boatman rowed him over to the Campobello. There, in the smoking-room, as he had hoped, sat Innes MacLeith, the chief engineer; a genial veteran, picturesque, and with detailed memories of every chief port of the world.

"Well," cried the Scot, over a mug of ale, "have you bought up all the pearls and moonstones on the island?"

"Not quite," replied Weeker, in his cautious Yankee way. And grinned. Your Scotchman and your Yankee have a secret world of understanding in common. "Picked up a few things. Tell me, where can I find a discreet, really trustworthy native to set a stone or two for me?"

MacLeith knew just the man. A Babu with more English education than his head could hold, but a master craftsman, and safe.

ANABEL breakfasted late. The table steward laid an Observer by her plate. Sipping her coffee she glanced at the staid headings. Much space was given to the theft of the most famous of pearls. Already a reward of a thousand English pounds was offered, and there was talk of adding to the amount. Various government agencies were feverishly at work. Several natives had been arrested, and more were under suspicion. Idly she read on. Then her eyes rested on a paragraph that drove the color from her face. She put down her cup and snatched up the paper. Under the subheading, MURDER IN THE CINNAMON GARDENS, she read as follows: "Yesterday afternoon, by a deserted rickshaw, a native named Dimbula, whose brother had been employed in the museum at Kandy, was stabbed to death by another native. The police, who were in pursuit of both men, observed the murderer in the act of searching through the dead man's turban, and after a short pursuit captured him. The rickshaw runner was found hiding in the shrubbery near by, and was also detained. The runner reported that he had had as passengers two young ladies, American he thought, from one of the cruising ships now in the harbor. The police have reason to believe that the pearl was in the possession of the slain man, but an exhaustive search of everyone concerned and of the region failed to bring it to light. The mystery is deepened by this tragedy."

Queer half-thoughts were stirring confusedly in Anabel's usually crisp brain. That attack on Gertie came to mind. It was unbelievable that the girl could have . . . what *had* she been up to, lingering out there in the road? So amazingly brazen? And why had she refused to report the attempt to snatch her bag?

Anabel couldn't eat. Straight to Gertie's cabin she marched, newspaper in hand. The girl was locked in, but admitted her. Anabel spread the paper before her, pointed to that illuminating paragraph and said shortly, "Read it!"

Gertie glanced up uncertainly, then obeyed. She was trembling. Then she began to cry. "I don't know what you mean," she wailed.

"Have you got that pearl?"

Gertie shook her head.

"Do you know where it is?"

A long, uncertain silence.

"The best thing for you to do is to tell me. Better than the police."

"But they can't . . ."

"Don't be silly. They'll run you down before night. Where is the pearl?"

"He's got it."

"Who?"

"Mr. Weeker." Anabel stared. "I s-sold it to him."

"You sold it to him. Great Heavens!"

Gertie nodded. She was sobbing now. "He wouldn't give much. Only fifteen hundwed dollars. He's going to pay me to-day."

"Fifteen hundred! Why, they're offering five thousand as a reward. Maybe more. And no questions asked. Gertie, you're just a plain little fool."

"But I d-didn't steal it! I d-didn't! He p-put it in my hand!"

"Who did?"

"The man that was k-killed."

SHE saw him standing in the lounge of the Galle Face; and hesitated. Had he suspected the identity of the famous and priceless treasure he had picked up so cheaply?

He rushed her out to a waiting motor. There was a confused inarticulate excitement bubbling within him to which she found difficulty in responding. He was getting something out of his pocket. Something in a jeweler's case. A ring? No, the case was too large. Eagerly, talking confusedly, he opened it; and lying within she saw a necklace coiled about a single pendant pearl. Her eyes widened. She had never seen a pearl so big or so unbelievably beautiful; of an even silvery white, deep as the sea in its soft, subtly changeable luster.

What was he saying? Vaguely the cautious, unpleasantly cautious phrases floated to her ears and gathered shape and substance in her brain. . . . "I suppose you'd better not wear it about here, or on the ship, but back home it'll be all right. . . . Picked it up at a wonderful bargain . . . never can tell, of course, where such things come from . . . you've set me so wild I just had to do something, buy you something beautiful. . . ."

She snatched it from the case, drew off in the seat, and stared at him so searchingly that his voice faltered and

"Say, Dad! Why do you always get up when Mom or any other woman comes in the room?"

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his chin sagged. Then crisply, firmly, she called to the Malay chauffeur—"Drive to the police station!"

"Hold on" . . . thus Mr. Weeker. . . . "What are you . . . I don't . . ."

She took a nail file from her bag and deftly pried the great pearl from its setting.

"See here!" he cried out, but rather weakly. "What are you up to?"

"I think you know."

"But you can't take things into your own hands like this. Do you imagine for one minute I'd . . . ?"

The motor pulled up before a palm-shaded building. The police officer was a gentlemanly Briton. Quizzically he studied both her and the pearl.

"Where did you ever find this?" he asked.

Fighting down the flame in her spirit, she confronted him. "I understand there are to be no questions. I've come for the reward."

"I'm afraid," observed the official, "that I have a disappointment in store for you." He went to a safe and brought a small box. Within it lay a pearl almost exactly like the one she had put before him.

"The true Malabar pearl," he explained kindly, "was turned in to-day by a native jeweler in whom we have every confidence. The reward was given him without question. The one you have is an imitation, and an excellent one."

"May I have it back?" she asked.

"Certainly. It appears to be your property."

She returned to Weeker and bluntly told him. The imitation pearl she tossed in beside him on the seat of the motor.

"But, Anabel" . . . he began.

"I'm leaving you here. "I'll pick up a taxi to the wharf. Good-by. It's all right, but . . . good-by." She extended her hand.

With eyes like a whipped dog he stared at her, then weakly took her hand.

THE Sargasso plowed an oily ocean. Far astern, at the end of a purling wake, lay the green island where spices grow.

"One thing, Gertie," asked Anabel, in her sometimes brisk way, "did you get the fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, "traveler's checks. He sent it over before you went ashore."

Anabel thought this over. "I don't know quite what's happened to my ethical sense, Gertie, but somehow I get a kick out of that."

"I don't get you at all," remarked Gertie, later, rather mournfully. "You could have had that man. Mawwied him. Why didn't you?"

"Give it up, Gertie."

"But his money and all."

"I'm beginning to believe I'm just a queer one, Gertie. Anyhow, we're both safely out of Ceylon. And that's something."

"But unless you're wich yourself . . . Are you?"

"Heavens, no! I'm destitute."

"Then I don't understand. What are you going to do?"

"Heaven only knows," said Anabel.

In "You Have to Do Something," Mr. Merwin relates Anabel's further adventures next week

The Tailor's Vengeance

Continued from page 24

as certainty, and the highways and by-ways were combed for discreditable incidents.

Day by day his enemies thrust themselves into the White House, eager to gloat over the man they were crucifying. Here at least they were cheated. Down upon his lonely head beat the hate of a country, and in the room at his back the wife of his heart lay dying, but no man was privileged to see a sign of weakness in Andrew Johnson's face.

Midway in the trial the attitude of every senator had been ascertained save one. Thirty-five Republicans were known to be ready to vote guilty, while six Republicans were joined with twelve Democrats in a conviction of Johnson's innocence.

The one senator who refused to let himself be placed was Edmund G. Ross of Kansas. To threats of political ruin, even hints of assassination, he made the one unchanging answer that he would cast his vote in accordance with the evidence and the dictates of his own conscience.

Slowly the trial worked to its end, marked by a hate and bitterness that increased with every hour of debate, and on May 16th, when the last appeal to partisanship had been made, the Senate gathered for a test vote on the eleventh article.

One by one, Republicans and Democrats gave their aye and nay, but it was for Ross' name that all waited with an expectancy so intense that it had a quality of anguish. Thirty-six votes were needed to drag Andrew Johnson from his high office, and the prosecution was sure of thirty-five.

As he sat, white-faced but composed, no man knew what was in the mind of the Kansas senator. When Ross' name was called the silence of death fell on the chamber, and although he did not lift his voice his "nay" had the effect of some tremendous shout.

Sumner and Wade felt the acquittal as a mortal blow, and crippled Thaddeus Stevens, carried away on the shoulders of his henchmen, suffered agonies. Only in the White House itself was there calm. Johnson, as impassive as an Indian at the torture stake, heard the news without elation, even as he had borne the strain without visible sign of anxiety. Characteristically, his first act was to kick Stanton out of office.

Head still high, he left the White House with not a single voice lifted to wish him well, and, once again in Tennessee, took up the dreary business of "beating back." Now it was not ambition that moved him, but an emotion of even larger appeal to his fierce nature —*revenge*.

He walked a lane of hatred and contempt, for the Unionists despised him no less than the Southerners, but he had not lost his gift of haranguing the mob, and in 1872 he was elected to Congress.

Tireless, indomitable, following his hates with the tenacity of a hound, he added to his political strength by trick and stratagem, and three years later attained his goal. Almost a smile lighted his somber eyes as he strode down the aisle of the Senate, scene of the greatest humiliation ever visited on an American, and received the oath of office from one of those who had fought most fiercely to work his ruin.

A tremendous moment, but even so there were bitter drops in his cup. Sumner and Stevens were in the grave, beyond the reach of his rage, and not his loudest shout could wake their dull, cold ears. In the President's chair, however, sat Ulysses S. Grant, almost as greatly hated, and on his head Andrew Johnson poured out the black accumulation of his cankered heart.

A sick man, death had no power to move him to gentleness, and with savage courage he held himself erect until the last word of his attack had been delivered, and died as he had lived—hating, fighting.

Another article by Mr. Creel will appear in an early issue

Won't DRY on the Face

Why this means better, quicker shaves

YOU will notice that men say they like Williams Shaving Cream because it won't dry on the face. Why should this be so important?

It is the moisture in the lather that softens the beard. Williams long-lasting, bulky lather is *saturated with moisture*. It holds its moisture right where you want it —on the beard bristles. Holds it there until you are through shaving. The more moisture a shaving lather holds and the longer it holds it, the softer the beard—the smoother the shave.

This pure, uncolored shaving cream shortens the shave; while you are working up the lather, the mild ingredients whisk away the water-resisting oil-film from the beard, then the tremendous moisture of Williams drenches the hairs through and through. *The razor just glides along*—no possible pull.

Williams leaves the skin glove-smooth, makes you feel as if you'd had an expert barber's massage.

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Williams Shaving Cream in the big double-size tube sells for 50c. It holds twice as much as the regular large-size tube at 35c.

Let us send you a week's FREE sample tube of Williams. Prove what we say. Send the coupon below, or a postcard, TODAY.

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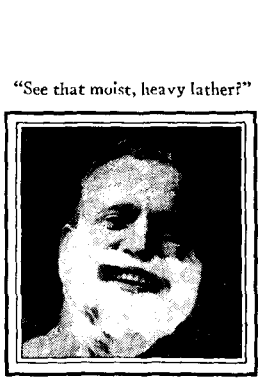

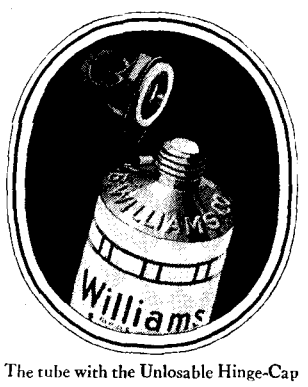

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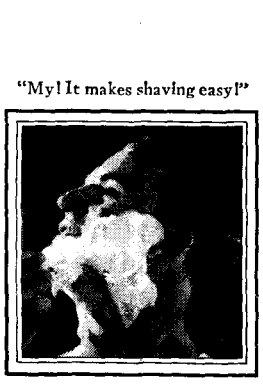

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DUMB BUNNIES

Continued from page 10

stayed here. So she decided she would spend the summer in California.

"I's glad you're goin' away," said Black Siney. "An' I hopes you fines yoreself a husban', somebody jes gran'!"

"I will not stay here and sew counterpanes," said Annette.

IN SANTA BARBARA Annette met William Wetherby. He was just going out as attaché to the American ambassador in Peking. That night, the one on which they met, Annette thought the stars danced. He was almost as tall as the clam digger and nicely sunburnt, but never dirty. Dear me, the immaculacy of his white flannels! His brown eyes were not so startling or so direct as the blue eyes that had stabbed Annette, but they were more winsome and very caressing. And when he laughed Annette knew that all was up with her. He laughed joyously, exultingly, being young and fortune being on the rise; but that wasn't it. It was the gleaming whiteness of his fine teeth.

Annette had begun to be rueful, but now she was glad, glad! Eyes aching from too constant sunshine, she had thought wistfully of the variance of New England climate. She had thought wistfully of the clam digger. Now she knew that was too silly. There had just been some strong, natural heady quality about him that she had missed in other wooers. Now all that had turned up—oh, thank God—in the shape of a gentleman. One needn't be cross or upset about falling in love with William Wetherby.

Oh, undeniably William Wetherby out of Harvard was a gentleman.

He was also a lover. Annette had known only one other so desirous, impassioned. Back in New York there had been a man in the silk business, a Mr. Morgens, with a good deal of the Oriental about him. His voluptuousness had a little revolted Annette. Will Wetherby was as extravagant as this man in his endearments, but not so indecent. You did not burn when he whispered in your ear, though you did tremble—dizzily. He proposed to her that first night.

"You needn't think I'm going to China without you!"

"No-o?"

"No, ma'am! I know what I want when I see it."

"Do you always get just what you want?"

Somehow Annette knew that he pretty well did, but she was not deterred.

"I'm going to have you, you—darling!"

The second night he kissed her. Annette meant to repulse him, at least for his assumption, however well-founded it was, but Santa Barbara nights were gentler than the days. This was an especially soft, black one, luminous only with a myriad of stars. A lazy ocean rolled and rolled. Annette sighed.

"You—sweet thing!" said William Wetherby.

The third evening they became formally engaged and made plans for their wedding. There could be only a week of preparation. No time for letters back and forth betwen them and New England. Telegrams sped both ways. Annette's were incoherent with rapture. Sister Emily's were little yelps of distress and anxiety. Bee's were sharp, admonitory.

On the day before the wedding one set of letters did arrive. Emily's heart was broken because she would not see her little sister in her wedding gown. Had Annette consulted Mrs. Paulson about her clothing? It might be hard to shop in the Chinese stores. And Annette must remember that she had an eccentric stomach and be careful of the strange food. Emily recommended some digestive tablets which she always carried with her on tours. There! After all, it might be for the best. She was glad to know Annette was happy. She sent all her love to both of them. Annette must kiss Willie for her and bid him welcome.

"Willie!" giggled Annette. "There!"

Will was beautifully solemn over this ceremony. He studied Emily's letter.

"What is she like, dearest?"

Annette tried to make him see Sister Emily, sweet, pink and plump. She told him about her fussy ways with recipe books and fancywork, about her never having had any heart affairs of her own but being especially mushy and nosey about other folks'. She told him about the new counterpane pattern.

"She sounds jolly," said Will, patting the paper on his knee.

"She's a dear," said Annette.

Bee's letter inclosed money. Annette had probably run up on her allowance and needed funds. Bee named a number of people in Honolulu and Hongkong whom she wanted Annette to look up. They would see that she extended her acquaintance among the right people. And Willie—she called him Willie too! —must take good care of impetuous, wayward Annette. Willie was the man of their house now.

Annette looked at Will. Bee was magnificent, but strangers often found her either too bossy or too condescending. Willie did not seem offended, however. For the first time in Annette's beholding he looked a little stiff and arrogant on his own. Bee had touched his pride in her closing sentences. He said he looked forward to meeting his beloved's family.

"Yes," said Annette happily. She would have liked to show him off.

The next day they set out for the Old World which to them was new. Eight years they lived in China—eight years so lustrous that stepping from one day into the next was like turning the page of a gorgeously illuminated book. There was an endlessly flowing stream of new people, most of them brilliant.

Will got along splendidly in the Diplomatic Service. He could have stayed on in it, but in the eighth year the silk merchant came to China. He looked up Annette, and, to his effusively expressed amazement, he liked her husband. Mr. Morgens made Will a dazzling business offer. He wanted his own silk factories in the Orient, operated by natives, but he wanted an American superintendent of them all. The Wetherbys' good standing with the people and Will's knowledge and practice of international law made Will perfect for the position.

The idea appealed to both Wetherbys. A solid, real opportunity, as well as a change of occupation, it seemed to them. It gave them a nice sense of grown-up success. Will's salary was to be generous. Added to their private incomes, it would make them rich. They could have a home in San Francisco, a permanent residence in which they could be settled for several months out of every year, but for the first year or so Will would have to be pretty well on the job every minute in China and Japan.

THAT was why he resigned from the Diplomatic Corps early and they came home for a six months' vacation. Annette was jubilantly willing. Homeward bound, she laughed at the diffidence, the jerks of doubt that had disturbed the roseate dreams of the bride who had set out upon the ocean eight years before! She was so sure of everything now! Coming home was like a triumph. "See all this I would have missed if I had not run away!"

Bee met them at New Haven in her new touring car. In the rush of their embrace Annette felt a pang of absurd rue. Threads of white showed plainly in Bee's golden hair and her skin was the least bit rough.

Ah, but Will was sweet with her! Tears sprang to Annette's eyes to see him throw his arms about the slim, haughty woman and kiss her heartily like a schoolboy sure of his welcome home. Bee's thin cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes softened, removing that impression of age. Leading the way to her automobile, she swaggered, as always.

"I've been struggling along with this myself, Willie," she said. "Of course, after you learn the roads, I expect you'll like to do the driving."

Annette settled down among the baggage in the tonneau with a knowing smile turning her face a bit wicked. Of course! Part of Will's enjoyment of his vacation would be his opportunity to play temporary lord and master in this Adamless Eden. He was a human man and, while Annette loved him wholly and dangerously, she had never suggested that he could boss her if he tried.

Sister Emily waited at the back gate. All the sea-front houses turned their backs to the road. Emily was growing plumper and plumper. The years were piling up on top of her and pushing her down into a round dumpiness. The lenses in her glasses were heavier. She kissed Annette, patted her, then opened her arms.

"Well, Willie!" she said.

Eyes sparkling again, Annette turned to Siney, always a picture in formal dress, black silk with white apron and cap. But Siney too was looking over Annette at one to whom she bowed and muttered, "Mistah Willie!"

"Willie!" mocked Annette, thoroughly amused. "You're going to have a wonderful time. I can see that. I hope it doesn't go to your head, old dear!"

After supper, a tremendous meal in which Siney had spread all her arts and to which Emily had contributed an incredible fluff of lemon pie, Annette went out of doors alone.

"I want to prowl around a bit," she said. "No, Will, you stay there. You know you're too full to move."

"She always was a great one to wander off by herself," said Emily. Then, anxiously, "Willie, do you like these cigarettes?"

Supper had lasted long. The sun had set, leaving only a lavender and rosy reminiscence in the sky. Annette strolled slowly down the walk, listening to the peaceful swish of an ebbing tide, and thought what a sweet, seductive place home was.

It was quite dark when she stood once more on the veranda. There was no moon, but Jupiter shone so brightly

The Battle of the Gods

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that it made a tiny path of its own on the water. Annette pushed open the cottage door. She wanted her husband. She wanted Will to come out and hold her hand in the starlight at Glenhaven. He had never loved her—at Glenhaven.

They did not hear her open the door. Will sat enthroned in the morris chair. Before him at decent, respectful distances sat Emily and Bee. The lamplight shone on scissors and thimbles and bright pieces of silk in their laps, but their hands were idle. They were listening to Will—and Will was being listened to. On which face of the three appeared the greatest satisfaction, one could not say. Now and again Bee put in a sentence—Bee of a wide, sympathetic knowledge—but Emily sat rapt, not murmuring a syllable.

Annette caught up an old cape of Emily's from a couch and slipped out of doors once more, and sat and looked at the path of starlight alone.

Emily summoned her from her musings.

"Annette, Willie has retired. It's really quite late."

"Well, did you tuck him in?" was on the edge of Annette's tongue, but a glance at Emily's solicitude—funny old Emily—halted the words. There was that on Emily's round, serious face which suggested gently that here was an office Annette should perform and not linger heartlessly away from it.

"Sh!" said Emily. "I'm giving you a candle. The lights may waken him."

"If he's asleep," said Annette, "fireworks and cannon won't rouse him. If he's awake, I want to talk to him. I want to know what he did about our baggage." But she took the candle.

"Oh, Willie will see to the trunks," said Emily. There was on her the greatest awe of the evening as Annette opened and closed the door of her bedroom.

Willie was asleep profoundly. Annette held up the candle and surveyed him. The Fordyces used iron beds in their summer home. Somewhere the sisters had secured an enormous brass one, so bulky and shiny that it would have driven a savage mad with the delights of civilization. In it Willie lay prone and over him swirled a comforter of pastel silk bits punctuated by diamonds of black velvet—unquestionably the first of Emily's intricate new counterpanes.

With a helpless gurgle of mirth Annette set down her candle and fell into a chair by her window.

THE situation grew funnier and funnier—until Annette couldn't laugh at it at all. She understood. This had been a household of virgins living for years under the domination of an authoritative male, almost as authoritative as a memory as when alive. When the younger man entered the door, either he would arouse antipathy or he would be given the previous ruler's scepter and state. The latter had happened.

Sister Emily's passion toward Willie was one of service. So would she have regarded a husband had she had one. So would she have cooked and mended and fluttered. So would she have wept had her efforts to please proved offensive.

Bee's passion was of service too, though different. Bee asked his advice on investments, though he had been eight years and four thousand miles removed from American real estate. Bee played golf with him at the new Glenhaven Club. The first time they went off together for all day Annette released them bright with hope. Bee's game was fine. She had been a runner-up in several championship tournaments. Will had played years ago with a certain sophistication, but he'd never been noted. Now he was woefully out of form.

The two came home that afternoon, weary, especially the man, but complacent because Will's score was the better. Bee would not have been beaten on purpose, but her pleasant deferring to this man had put her out of step. And she liked it. Will liked it even better. Through the rest of the summer she won just often enough for him to feel proud of his general record. Annette had always openly detested golf. How could she pretend a new interest in it now?

If it rained, there was bridge. Neither Emily nor Bee played, but Emily would make some candy. And Bee would corral two players from a long clientele of young friends in the summer group. Bee was always doing something nice for young people. So how could they refuse to play bridge with her brother-in-law? Annette played. It was that or sew on the counterpanes. Emily had been to a silk remnant sale in New Haven and was starting a fresh one. She said it would go much faster if Annette would take the strips from Bee and put them together.

"I will not sew on counterpanes," said Annette, tight-lipped, bright-eyed with accumulating resistance.

To what? At the end of several weeks she said bitterly—and with shame at her own smallness—that Emily and Bee evidently enjoyed their nice new husband, but where did she come in? It wasn't just resentment at their pleasure in their pseudo possession that animated her either. It was a fear. As far back as Annette could remember it had been the hardest thing in the world for a Fordyce to have anything individually. Never was there such a family for sharing things, from pets to experience.

SHE, Annette, had been different. She, Annette, had run away, craving adventure, single identity, romance. She had found all these in the symbol of William Wetherby, her husband.

Ah, she wished she had never come home with him. Everything had changed. Everything had slipped back. You could almost hear the turning of the keys. Now it was California and China and romance that seemed far away, unreal. Of course this was only temporary. They would go away. Glenhaven would be closed in November. They would have Christmas in Baltimore; then off they'd put on the high seas the first of the year. Ah, but, would they? Annette felt her heart numbed with her fear.

It was that Will looked so permanently satisfied. He had no sense of captivity like hers. He sensed only pleasant things, adulation, physical comfort, social prestige without effort, amusement and no strain. He said, "You know, precious, it's a feeling of home!" Poor lad, he had never known a home! His mother had evidently been unhappily married in America and was not particularly interested now in her son. He said he liked the girls. Well—peevishly—so did Annette. She wasn't jealous of them about Will. It was—well, couldn't you like a person without being tied hand and foot by your affection? Will was hers, hers! And their life was their own, together, and apart from others.

Will was changing. Anyone would soften in a cage, all comfort and no fight. The independent fitness of a man alone was relaxing. The keenness of a man in competition grew dull.

And Annette loved him still. Still was there no light in the world like the light of his eyes when he looked on her with love; still was there no warmth in the world like the warmth of his caresses. He was her lover, her husband. He didn't know what was happening. She must rescue him for his sake, for her own.

Then he grew evasive about China and his new work. Annette, feeling all tight and sewed up as if she had been wounded and must hold on to herself, or bleed to death, went to New York on what she called a shopping trip. She spoke to Mr. Morgens, the silk merchant, over the telephone. They had dinner together at a country inn. They danced.

"How horribly fat you're growing!" thought Annette, but she said, "There was never a dancer like you, Peter! By the way, it's all settled about Will going out the first of the year, isn't it? He's being so lazy and indifferent on his vacation that I can't get any satisfaction out of him. Here it is September, so I'd like to make my plans."

Morgens said surely from his side

(*Continued on page 46*)

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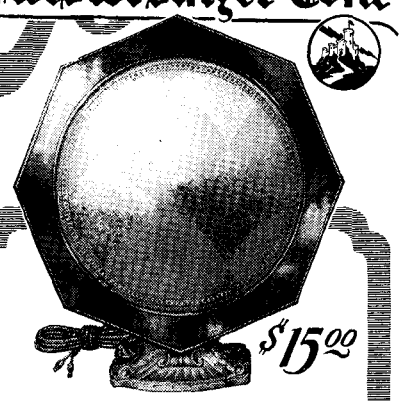

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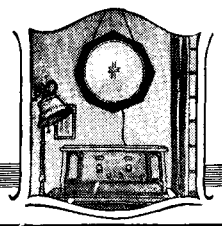

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HOHNER Harmonicas

Dumb Bunnies

Continued from page 45

things were settled, though there was no formal contract as yet.

"Well, don't you think there ought to be?" said Annette as they returned to their table.

"If it will please you, there will be." A glitter that Annette remembered flashed in the merchant's eyes. Annette discounted it.

A week later there was an invitation to a house party at the Morgens' villa on the Hudson. The letter mentioned business arrangements to be discussed. Will was inclined not to accept.

HE WENT to the party, grumbling, but he behaved fairly well once he had arrived. The expansive lawn, the formal gardens, the tessellated floor of the halls, the silken ease of the bedchambers, the gay company made William blink and take notice. Here were gathered two Spanish portrait painters, an English officer of artillery with his charming bride, an engineer from the Canal Zone and a dark, mysterious lady who was reported to have shot elephants in Africa, with her pretty daughter, fresh from a convent school in France and bewilderingly young and seductive. For the first time in months Annette saw Will exert himself to be agreeable. Here were ladies not starved for masculine tribute. Here was competition. Now Will was awake. Now he would remember.

On the last day Morgens and Will spent an hour together in the former's library and Will came out tucking a paper importantly into his pocket. "It's a secret," he said. "I'll tell you when we get home."

Morgens winked at Annette gayly. She thought how nice it was when a lover turned into a devoted friend. She felt a tenderness toward everyone.

"You think you're so smart!" she said affectionately when Will would not let her see the paper even on the train, when he insisted it would be a surprise for which he expected special reward.

She was still radiant when the smell of roast fowl and browning pastry greeted them at the door of the Glenhaven cottage. She pulled Will inside, brushing her sisters out of the way. She pushed him down into the morris chair. She sat upon his lap, defying what Emily and Bee thought about public demonstration and decent reticence.

"I'll not wait another minute, Will Wetherby," she said, throttling him. "You tell me everything right now!"

"Well, girls"—he threw his head—handsome head of a virile man—back against the cushions of the morris chair—"well, girls, we now present our report!"

Emily's face drooped. Bee's became set. Annette tingled.

"Mr. Morgens and I had several conferences," dawdled Will, patting his wife's arm. "Very wise man, this millionaire; has his fingers on the pulse beat of the world. Thinks this new war in Europe may reach farther and last longer than most people fancy. Asked very shrewd questions about German holdings in China."

"Faster!" Annette prodded him with her elbow. "Don't orate, dear!"

"And so," said Will, "we decided his Oriental enterprise is not the thing right now. That's the surprise. Annette and I are not going to China."

He spoke triumphantly, as if he had done something mighty. He laughed aloud at Emily's gasp of relief, at Bee's exclamation. He had struck Annette a paralyzing blow—and he didn't know it. He didn't notice even that she had slipped from his knee, that she stood, pale, shaking, while he talked on.

"No, sir, and I'm glad of it. Now listen." He drew a paper from his pocket—that paper! "Instead I have signed up to be his chief legal counsel here, to superintend his claim suits in the States. He's been jobbing them out to local legal firms wherever trouble occurred, but he's lost some money which he thinks belongs to him, so he's hired me as a sort of watchdog. Of course most of the work will be here in the Eastern market, but I'm supposed to keep an eye on the whole country. Big job, girls, for a big man. That's me!"

"Will Wetherby!" Annette cried out in her stifling pain.

Will jumped up, threw his arms about her, hugged her.

"I knew you'd be astonished," he said. "I was thinking of you when I made this arrangement. Why, honey—"

"Wait a minute!" Annette pushed him away, her Will. "I want to ask you a question. Where are we going to live?"

The man was blind, blind!

"Say," said he, "what's the rush about deciding that? Why don't we just stay on with the girls this fall—until we find out where my duties will keep me most of the time? New York, probably. I say, we could take an apartment there for the winter and still be all together. Couldn't we? No use in breaking up this pleasant circle. I think that would be jolly. Eh, girls?"

"Oh, Willie, I'm so glad!" said Emily.

"Willie, you're wonderful!" said Bee.

"And now, what do *you* think?" In all confidence he reached for his wife.

"Don't touch me!" Annette held him away with her hands, with the flashing anger of her eyes, with the shrill bitterness of her voice.

"Why, honey—Annette—aren't you—pleased?"

"I was never so disappointed in my life!" sobbed Annette.

In a vacuum of consternation black Siney announced dinner.

"I don't want any food—I couldn't eat. Oh—let me go!"

Running, running down the walk, she saw their faces as she had left them: Siney's stolid, glum, unknowing; the sisters' agape, Emily's lower lip wiggling; her husband's flushed with angry offense, his first harsh look at her, as if she had affronted him.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried.

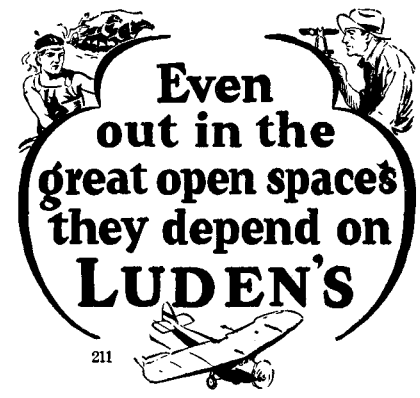
She stood on the point of rocks that she loved and jeered at a choppy, foaming sea.

"Don't come raving around me any more!" she said—feeling herself going mad. "You lied to me, you ocean. You said that life was big and exciting and full of adventure for the brave. You dared me to go out and find the thrill of it. I was brave. I did go out. Now see! Life's a boomerang. Life's a Sargasso Sea. Life's a silly mess—for a woman!"

COULD she run away? Again? She was still young, dangerously pretty. She had her private income. Life would be richer away from home. Now—wouldn't it? Y-e-e-s, of course, but she would be alone. Oh, alone, as she had never been before! All her dreams of a future would now be memories of the past. And all the disappointment would fade out and leave her only the agony of her husband's dearness. Right now, aching with disillusionment, she wanted him at her side, his arms about her.

Right now he was angry at her. Already they were separated a little, just as the rising tide was making a runnel between her and the shore. In the gathering dark, in the dreariness of a sea that was going to be moany all night long, the cleavage between Annette and her husband began to hurt more than all other pain. She turned to the shore, put out her arms with a murmuring cry. She saw then, not Will, but a small cottage with a white veranda and lighted windows, beaming out at her with such unutterable smugness that back she turned to the lapping sea. Better death with life all gay behind you than years and years in that—harem of disappointed women!

But she couldn't achieve death. She couldn't stand still and let the ocean drown her. Not when every moment she strained her ears, thinking that he was calling to her, her eyes, thinking that he must come to look for her. And when he didn't call, when he didn't



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come, just before it was too late for her to jump from rock to rock, she went to him.

At first she thought the lighted cottage was empty because it was so still. Then from the porch she saw her husband rise from the depths of a chair and begin to pace about the room—restlessly. He was at least waiting for her.

"Will!" She sounded very forlorn speaking from the threshold of the opened door.

He betrayed suspense by his quick turning to her call. He tried then to collect his dignity, to look at her coldly, but he was so plainly relieved and glad to see her that all in a moment she was in his arms. He shook her, he chided her, but he held her very fast. Annette's heart quickened. He was still hers. He couldn't let her go any more than she could leave him.

She began to talk to him, her arms about his neck, her cheek tight against his, tried to tell him what she feared for the two of them.

"Why, Annette, you—jealous?" he said.

Not jealousy! She tried to show him what the years would make of them if they lived on where paths were so smooth that they were grooves. He became really offended.

Slowly in her crystallized the knowledge that Will Wetherby had made his choice of careers and would not be moved. He had found his kingdom, his ideal of happy living in the associations which made a prison to her.

"I know what I want when I see it!" he said.

Annette knew that she was beaten. Those were the words he had used that night at Santa Barbara, with that same uplift of eyebrow which she had so adored. "And do you always get what you want?" she had asked then, but she did not need to ask it now. She knew.

"And now I want you to eat some dinner and calm down and be a good girl," he said when she had cried out her surrender. "Siney's saved you some in the kitchen. The clam chowder was delicious."

Annette nibbled a bit of toast and drank some tea. Clam chowder, roast duck, lemon pie, would be always to her funeral baked meats.

"You and Mistah Willie ain' goin' back to Chiney?" said black Siney.

"No, Siney."

"Jes goin' to stay on yere! Ts, ts!" Siney clicked her compassion. The primitive Negress understood. Annette gulped her tea. In the house behind her various subdued noises betokened the furtive return of Sister Emily and Bee and Pip, the dog. Poor things, they must have been frightened.

BEFORE going in where they were Annette ran upstairs and changed from her crumpled dress into one of her gay taffetas, an apple-green frock with flutings and puffs and a silver sash, a bit too youthful, a bit out of taste, but in harmony with her willfulness. She brightened her lips and cheeks and went down into the living-room.

Entering the family circle was a conspicuous act as if she had to break her way through glass, the three awaiting her were in such a state of fearful anticipation. Annette laughed, a low chuckle appearing for the first time in her merriment.

"Well, girls," she said, "I am ready to begin on the counterpanes."

Nothing Like Common Sense

Continued from page 8

delineation of American business morals and manners as any that has emerged from the flood of literature this pioneer work unloosed. In England and far-away Australia that book is even now regarded as a thesaurus of the wisdom of American trade. "Old Gorgon Graham" followed two years later, then "The False Gods" and "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal." But George Horace Lorimer's reputation as an author was made with the first book and clinched by the second.

He proceeded to make his reputation as an editor.

This reputation can be expressed mathematically: Growth from 1,800 copies to 2,800,000 copies weekly, from sixteen pages to 254 pages, is an overwhelming quantitative certificate of accomplishment. But material measurement is not the true criterion of the Lorimer contribution to the common wealth of America, although Mr. Lorimer himself will blandly mention that the Curtis plant now manufactures 850,000 magazines daily.

An Optimistic American

HIS work for his country has been one of pragmatic uplift. Without pretense of formal patriotism, he has his country always in mind, always at heart. He has made physical acquaintance with it in a dozen cross-continental tours. He has been in every state in the Union and he knows the natural and human characteristics of all.

"Early in my years as an editor," he says, "I suffered from the common delusion of young idealists, and of many older idealists, that the organized action we call politics could bring about improvement in our national life before the people could be brought to demand improvement. That," he smiled, "is an error quickly discerned. Sound ideas must be infiltrated through persistent education, which is a function of constructive journalism.

"Our country owes its first duty to itself. International amity is good, international coöperation for peace is good, but I oppose the League of Nations not because of its promises but because of its failures to perform. European nations play international poker for blood, while we play it for beans. We simply don't know enough about their game to sit in.

"I have seen our American life change very much for the better in the past thirty years. Wealth has been distributed to an extent undreamed of by the socialist of a generation ago. Comforts and luxuries enjoyed only by the rich or medium-rich twenty years ago are now commonly enjoyed. We have made vast material and moral progress.

"Business ethics shows a striking improvement over the rough-and-tumble tactics of the '90's. The work of the Interstate Commerce Commission, combined with growing common sense, has demonstrated that deliberate unfairness is always a boomerang.

"Industrial disputes are more rare and more readily settled because labor and capital have both learned from the foolish past. The old-time hard-boiled employer is passing, because it is an axiom of industry that no business can be in a truly sound and flourishing condition if disharmony and suspicion prevail in it.

"There are those who call American progress purely materialistic. They mistake comfort and decency for materialism. There is nothing more materialistic than sordid poverty, and the most spiritual environment can be and sometimes is the most luxurious.

"There is no finer product of modern civilization than the American business man. Because he is largely inarticulate, and the articulate are largely those who have had little or no experience in making the wheels of industry go around, he is portrayed as a money-grubbing ignoramus, when in fact he is often more clear-headed, more clear-thinking and better educated than his critics. For every money grubber we have a constructive business genius who works on for the love of the work, because he is actually making the world a better place to live in, while his critics are only talking about making it a better place to live in.

"The criticism of Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions and similar business men's organizations is not only cheap but also

(*Continued on page 48*)

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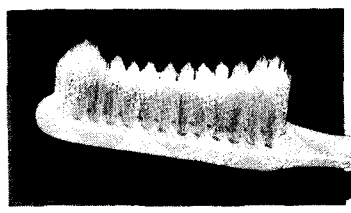

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THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
Springfield, Ohio

Nothing Like Common Sense

Continued from page 47

too easy. These are all intelligent movements whose purpose is unspoiled by occasional misdirected activities. I am not an advocate of the so-called boosting that many of these organizations indulge in, because sound development is not always quick development, and because haste to exploit every resource and to cultivate every possible acre is bad for the present as well as the future of America. The quality of our growth and of our citizens is the matter of first importance. Size is not sin, but it may be bad economics. To bring a man to a city or to a farm where he is foredoomed to failure is bad business and bad morals. Nothing succeeds like common sense and common sense is an expression of sound morals.

"Despite occasional bursts of overenthusiasm, the usefulness of these clubs is beyond dispute. They are the community expression of interest in the general good, and at their best they greatly improve civic standards."

From all this may it be gathered that Mr. Lorimer is an optimist about his country. He is not an "apologetic American." Yet he believes in discontent. "Without that," he said, "there would be no invigorating contest for improvement in standards of living and of work and we should atrophy."

Genius is Rare

THAT is no new prescription from the chemistry of human progress; Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Plato and Francis Bacon all have said the same thing.

Naturally, from all parts of America, Canada and the world, for that matter, the editor of The Saturday Evening Post is besieged by aspiring authors for advice.

"Writing" (here for the first time in general print he gives it) "is the hardest work in the world. Writing is not a business—it requires a stern apprenticeship, and its pecuniary returns are uncertain. The writer can expect very little help from outside—indeed, nobody can really help him to success until he has already achieved it through the relentless self-denial and unremitting labor without which he cannot hope to be a writer. Sheer genius may need no such laborious novitiate. But genius is so rare that we need not consider it here.

"Writers must be not only industrious but also able to rise above rebuff. Nearly every writer has had to submit to rejection or rewriting at times."

Mr. Lorimer's favorite intellectual hobby is biography, especially the French historic period from Louis XIV to Napoleon III, to which he switched after the customary juvenile admiration for the first Bonaparte. He believes biography is a power for self-improvement, an inexhaustible fount of human interest; indeed, he has made biography as popular as fiction with the higher level of the public. Yet his reading must be a minor miracle of time economy, for no word appears in the Post that does not pass his scrutiny.

Many years of immersion in the multitudinous blends and brands of literature—the selection of material for a weekly—have not dulled his editorial appetite for discovery. When something good from a new author reaches his desk he springs from his chair to spread the tidings to his subordinates and usually sends an assistant to see the new writer, wherever he or she may be, to give first-hand encouragement. He has been the literary name maker of a generation, and he is always on the hunt for new names. "Old friends are good, but new contacts are vital to progress.

"Scoffers at popular literature usually cannot write it, because it is the hardest kind of writing, demanding, as it does, the clearest style. Huxley and Schopenhauer would have made ideal writers of special articles for The Saturday Evening Post. They wrote as clearly as they thought. Anybody who has those twin talents can make any subject popular—even the Fourth Dimension. There are no dull subjects—only dull writers."

A Simple Rule for Success

MR. LORIMER'S recreations are farming, shooting and motoring. He denies any athletic prowess, although until recent years he was something of a mountain climber; he scaled many peaks in the Rockies. "There is a feeling of exhilaration, of conquest in mountain climbing that no other sport holds," he declares.

He has never had his hand on the steering wheel of a motor, but he plans to become a self-driver when he retires.

His sons may or may not follow in their father's footsteps. There are two—one already aspiring to authorship, the other a subeditor. They will be left to find their own ways to fame, whether the paternal shadow helps or hinders.

"If there is one essential lesson to be learned from American life, one lesson that will most profit the individual entering our life, it is that only the self-made really succeed. There is no other satisfactory success. A man may be born to wealth and social position, as was George Wharton Pepper, destined for success. But he does not achieve success unless, like Mr. Pepper, he works for it in some calling, as, in his case, the law, and earns it. A ready-made success is just that.

"Without effort, without struggle, I have seen nothing worth while achieved even by those heavily endowed with talent—and I have seen many brilliant men slump down and out because they were unwilling to make the effort or to continue the effort, after a first success. There is something intensely personal about writing. No matter how poor one's performance, it is a part of oneself, and criticism of it is in some measure personal criticism; praise of it personal praise. For this reason the writer is subject to fits of undue depression or undue elation. Unless he can come to view his work with a certain detachment he is in danger of quitting because he becomes unduly discouraged or of being forced to quit because he is unduly confident.

"But a writer cannot at any point in his career live on his reputation. He must continue to succeed, and to do that he must work a little harder on every new story, on every new book. Once he leans back, he is lost. Popularity is at once his greatest asset and his greatest liability."

His success—a unique achievement in journalism, unmarred by even the slightest descent to erratic or erotic public whim—I attribute to a robust native endowment of talent and character, a rare combination of creative genius and business acumen, ruled by unwavering will, enacted by aggressive industry. He, being the right kind of Kentucky colonel (and, in fact, he is that), expresses it more simply. He likes his job and finds his greatest pleasure in working at it.

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Heavens! What Next?

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think that Louiseboulenger, stealthy though she has been, has got away with that velour de laine of hers—the one with the collar and vandyked borders of seal. Is not Mademoiselle Hamel, of her assistants the most resourceful, the sweetheart of Paul Blanpied, who is the Paris correspondent of Guinzberg and O'Malley of the Boulevard Michigan, Chicago? But yes.

So our brave boys and girls invade the ateliers of Paris with the fundamentals of the coming modes neatly tucked away in the pockets of their minds. Just can't be fooled, that's all.

Before leaving America the pilgrims have received schedules of the showings. The French dressmakers have come together and so arranged matters that no two of them will be strutting their stuffs, so to speak, at coincident hours.

Vionnet will be honored to exhibit at ten o'clock on the morning of July 2d. What Brandt had dreamed will be shown at two. On the following morning at eleven Chantal will produce a parade of sensations. Of the sensations be assured.

Once in Paris, our Jasons troop the shows *en masse*. Jealous competition? The life-insurance business is as nothing by comparison.

By this I mean that the representatives of the lesser houses stop at little short of "petered" knock-out drinks to wrest, from the buyer for the celebrated department store or fashionable modiste, the list of his or her selections.

For example, if the little fellow who scouts for the manufacturer of cheap dresses can enable his employer to come out with his sixteen-dollar product on the same day with the same model that the fashionable couturier sells to the smart débutante for four hundred dollars, the entire year is ruined for the fashionable couturier, not to speak of the smart débutante.

Observe. A few years ago a celebrated creator of evening gowns was engaged to clothe a musical-comedy queen in gowns warranted to alarm, amaze and render numb all other wearers and makers of evening gowns.

They Can't be Too Careful

THE actress, the creator and the head of the house he worked for—a lady whose name is embellished with the badge of nobility—went to work on the series of silk explosions.

They worked in a lofty room which had but one window, and that gave upon a court. They drew the shades. A stout guardsman was posted at the door that no spy might snoop the halls or occupy the keyhole.

Six or eight minutes before the curtain arose on the revolution, ten ladies and gentlemen properly equipped with tickets and evening clothes entered the theatre and before anyone was aware of them they had handed each aisle-seat occupant a dozen cards saying:

"Will you be so good as to pass these?"

In a few moments the theatre was completely papered with cards bearing the following devastating legend:

"Exact duplicates of the gowns worn to-night by Madame —— may be had for $22.79 to-morrow morning at —— and —— All sizes."

And the cards bore the truth. With tears streaming down his cheeks the dictator of Madame's gowns went downtown and saw. And regardless of the spot, he fainted upon it.

All of which goes to make it clear that these style selectors we Americans send forth twice each year to Paris can't be too careful.

Little by little, however, what Paris feared and resented in 1922 is rapidly coming to pass. The American woman dictates American fashions, and while she still demands her Paris gowns or her Paris models, Paris is seeing to it that Paris produces what the American woman wants. Gone are the days when you wore what Paris gave you or went about a confessed ragbag.

However, the movies have a different problem. Particularly is their problem more intricate to-day. It is all very well for the costume designers to have friends on the inside in Paris and Monsieur Shaunards lunching at Ciro's and gathering eyefuls on the Champs Élysées.

Dress manufacturers could, if the urge were irresistible, make last-minute changes in their models, although not radical ones, but you can't add a thing to a photograph.

At this moment the movie dress designers are not feeling any too secure. The moment they heard that the Paris dressmakers were loading up Queen Marie with skirts which begin ten inches from the ground they suspected the presence of foul play.

A queen is a queen, particularly in a republic, and you can't laugh off the awful effect her clothes are going to have upon strangers.

A Matter of Salesmanship

ANY man caught sneering at that remark will be asked to look back a couple of years to what happened to the male population of this country during and immediately after the latest visits of the Prince of Wales. Some of our boys haven't come to yet.

Therefore, I am assured, the short skirt is menaced, and anybody telling you that it will be with us always is worth disregarding. A situation demanding that something be done about it!

H. M. K. Smith, costume director for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, held aloft a brief gown.

He inserted one of his most beautiful young women into the gown and then pinned long panels under her arms so that they fell to within eight or ten inches of the floor. The result left the beholder a bit worried.

"Or," he said, "the skirt I make for the movie actress in these days when anything might be happening may be short in front and long in back. Again the long effect to the actually short skirt. That is how we have to compromise when doubt besets us."

One of the reasons why directors are always trying to cut down the actual filming time of pictures is that styles cannot be controlled. The movies have enormous influence upon the styles of clothes worn by the women seeing them, but not enough to prevent the same women from adopting suddenly introduced fads. The movies seek to beat the public to the fads.

However, the star of a movie may be filmed in the season's ultimate in gowns which cost the producers four or five hundred dollars. By the time the picture is given to the public the same model may be on its last legs—selling in the cheaper stores for twenty dollars or so.

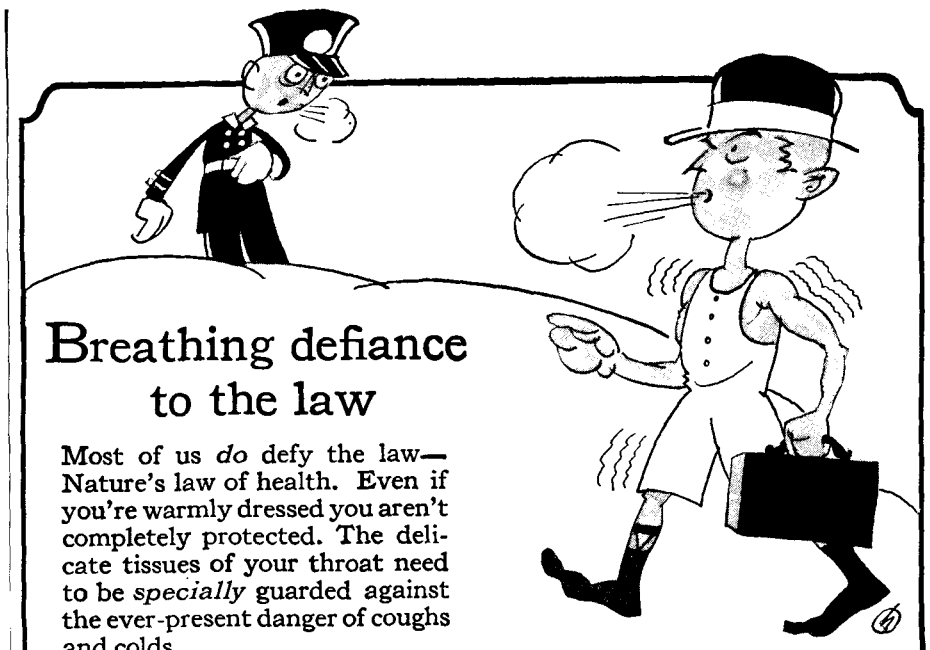
"I'm now engaged in designing costumes for a winter picture," said Mr. Smith. "The costumes may not be those of this winter but of next winter. I have a general idea of the trend of fashions, and all I have to do is to project a bit—an exaggeration here and there and a compromise between. Only a revolution can defeat that rule."

The movies give Paris quite a battle. By being aggressive on their own account they are often able to checkmate the French dictators. For example, two years ago a movie dressmaker invented a sport dress for Bebe Daniels.

It took him an hour to make the model and Bebe a minute to put it on. In a few minutes she was in front of the camera, and in six weeks the picture was in the theatres.

A bright young dress manufacturer saw it on the screen and, realizing that nothing quite like it had ever been sold over a counter, appropriated it and sold 100,000 before time came to the rescue.

"Style is that feature of a dress which enables you to sell it to a woman because she thinks it will enable her to sell herself," said one. "After all, even social success is a matter of salesmanship."



Breathing defiance to the law

Most of us *do* defy the law—Nature's law of health. Even if you're warmly dressed you aren't completely protected. The delicate tissues of your throat need to be *specially* guarded against the ever-present danger of coughs and colds.

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Tom and Huck on Cardiff Hill

—where men grow young!

HAVE you ever heard of Cardiff Hill? It rears above Hannibal, Mo., overlooking the Mississippi River, and on it stands a bronze life-size statue of two boys.

You probably know these boys. They never lived in the sense that they "felt dawn and saw sunset glow." They dwelt in the pages of books. They are, to those of us who have spent happy hours laughing at them—and perhaps crying a little over them—the eternal symbols of American boyhood.

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. What finer memorial could be erected to Mark Twain than this statue of his imperishable characters.

Can it be that you are one of those who have never read Tom and Huck? Never got lost with Tom and Becky in the cave? Never floated down the Mississippi with Huck on a raft? Never laughed at lovable old Aunt Polly as she tried to discipline the irresponsible Tom? Never listened to Huck's philosophy?

If you have never done these things you are indeed unfortunate. But it is not too late. Read them and never grow old. Read them and go back to the boy paradise, back to the fragrance of locust blossoms on Cardiff Hill, close to the "Father of Waters."

These mischievous boys and their friends are only a few of the countless delightfully entertaining Twain characters whom you will encounter in the pages of his wonderful books.

You live the quaint life of steamboat days and the Far West—you see foreign lands and people through the eyes of the master humorist—you thrill to every wholesome emotion. Mark Twain's versatile mind gave to the world a perfectly balanced library of humor, adventure, philosophy and inspiration.

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Collier's
EDITORIALS

"While the Evil Days Come Not"

IF ANY people at any time in any place had reason to offer thanks for favors enjoyed, our opportunity is at hand. For months and years we have marveled at our own prosperity.

Our material standard of living is high beyond comparison.

When the flood tide of prosperity began to pour upon us there was talk about the silk shirts of laborers, the silk stockings of their wives, and the motor cars of artisans.

Quickly that time of wonderment passed and we knew that it was good for all to share in the comforts and luxuries.

We are getting accustomed to being the richest of all nations. We pat ourselves upon the back and say that what we have we earned by intelligence and industry.

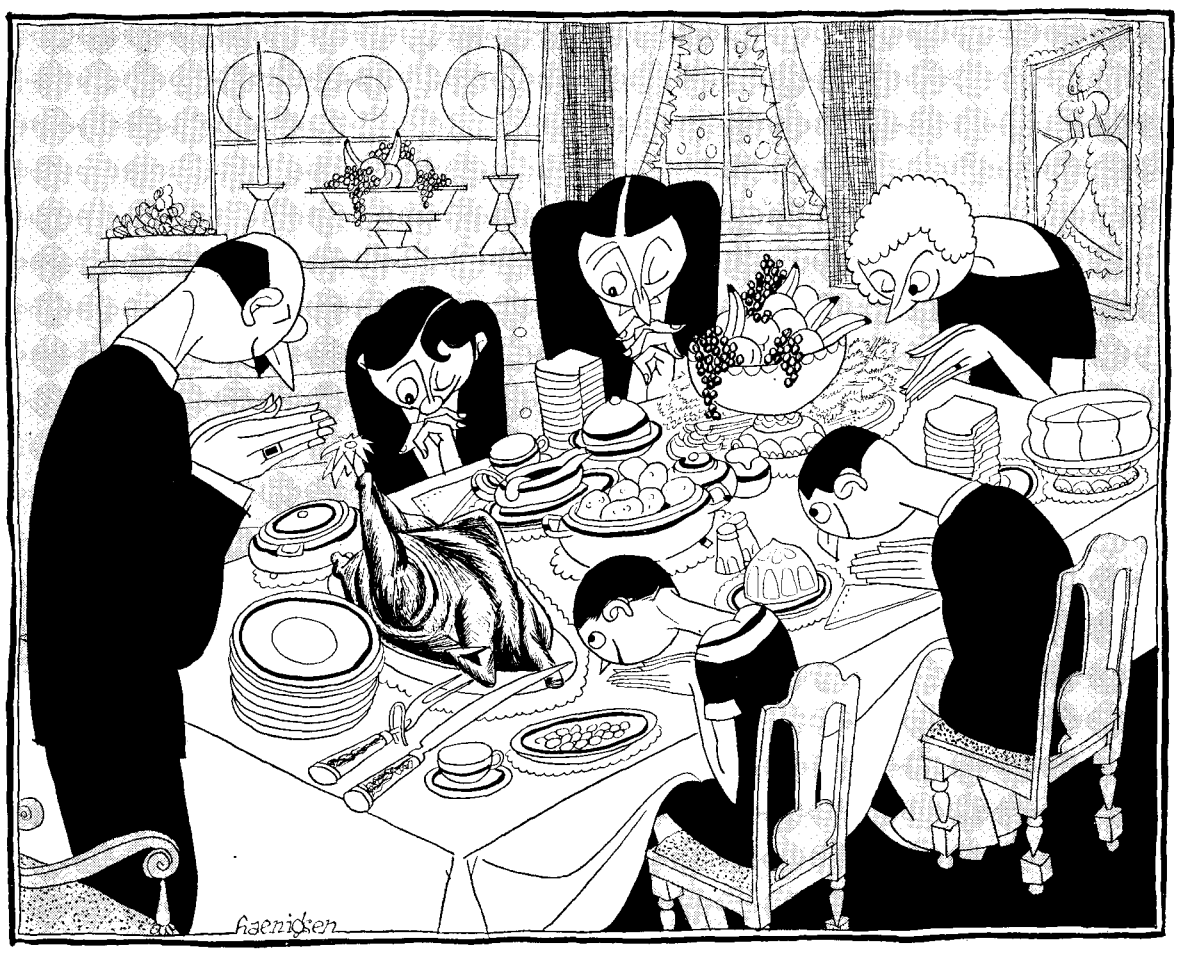
We have much and we enjoy much because we are adventurous and ambitious. We wanted to be rich and we are fulfilling our desire.

History will give us credit for that. A lazy people could not have reached the pinnacle of luxury attained in our country. A warlike race could not have created the civilization we enjoy. A stupid people could not have unlocked the rich treasures of nature stored in our land.

We did it surpassing well. Admit it. But is that all? Have we nothing except ourselves to thank for our good fortune?

Sit down quietly and think it over during this season devoted formally to thanksgiving.

Even though we confess our unprecedented virtue, intelligence and industry, if we look around, we may still admit that we have benefited by the breaks in the game of life. Time and chance have favored us.



Nature has been generous to us. Our prosperity comes from fertile land, prolific mines, navigable rivers, hospitable shore lines and remoteness from Europe and Asia.

For which of these things are we responsible?

Who of us planted coal and iron in the mountains? Who fertilized the soil so that America might feed hundreds of millions with the produce of her plantations? Who laid out the courses of our rivers—the Mississippi, the Columbia, the Hudson?

Millions of years before our most remote human ancestor was shuffling his uncertain way across the face of the earth the great processes of nature were at work, creating a continent which future generations were to hail as a promised land.

Great trees buried in prehistoric swamps made during millions of years the Appalachian coal deposits. That coal, hidden so long, became the key to a new and easier way of life. We have the wit to use it, but who laid it down?

In other epochs, long before man appeared, the basis of petroleum was laid and in the fullness of time the mind of man put gasoline to work in engines. As a nation we took to automobiles and we filled our roads with twenty millions of them. We invented airplanes and some of us use them. But behind these great human achievements lie great lakes of oil, deposits of mineral and other essential elements for which no one of us is responsible.

Whatever your church or creed think of this.

Thanksgiving Day is an American festival, as native to our experience as the Fourth of July itself.

In time of poverty and hardship beyond our imagining, the New England settlers paused to render thanks to God. Measured by our standards, they had little except life itself — and that was none too safe — but they gave thanks for what they had.

At the climax of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln set aside the day we now celebrate as a time of national thanksgiving. The sacrifices of a war between brothers were all but ended and for the peace and reconciliation for which he longed the Great Emancipator gave thanks.

Surely we have not moved beyond the need of approaching with reverence and with thanksgiving Him who created the world and whose thought is realized in the infinite richness and mystery of the earth we inhabit.

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